National Anti-Slavery Standard.

S. H. GAY,
OLIVER JOHNSON, } .... Editors.

Without Concealment—Without Compromise.

EDMUND QUINCY, Corresponding Editor.

VOL. XIV. NO. 12. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1853. WHOLE NO. 688.

Published weekly, on Saturday, by the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, at their office, No. 142 NASSAU STREET, NEW-YORK. Terms, Two DOLLARS per annum. Printed for the American Anti-Slavery Society, by NORRIS & JOHNSTON, printers, No. 21 Spruce street.

Pro-Slavery.

SOUTH CAROLINA AT PLYMOUTH ROCK.

AT the celebration, in Plymouth, on the 1st inst., of the Embarkation of the Pilgrims, the President announced the following toast:

South Carolina—We welcome her sons to the birthplace of New England.

Mr. RICHARD YEADON, of the Charleston (S. C.) *Courier*, responded as follows:

Descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers—The distinguished and generous compliment just paid to the State of South Carolina, and the enthusiastic manner in which it has been received by this vast and patriotic throng, devolves on me, in the opinion of my fellow South Carolinians here present, the office and the duty of attempting to make a suitable response. In recent memory, however, of the noble and classic strains of eloquence which have rolled from distinguished New England lips, and ravished New England ears and hearts, this day—strains (pointing to Mr. Everett) which are only comparable to the music of the spheres, and lips which, like those of the prophets of old, may justly be styled lips of fire—I almost shrink appalled from the task, and dread to mingle the feeble and discordant notes of my penny whistle with the trumpet tones and rich harmonies of illustrious speakers worthy of the Athenian rostrum or the Roman Senate in their palmiest days (applause). But never shall it be said that the Palmetto Fort failed to respond to Bunker Hill, either in the interchange of the friendly salute or in the discharge of vollied thunder and iron hail against the common foes of our common country. Like the gallant and lamented Butler, the commander and the hero of the ever-glorious Palmetto regiment, I must not, and will not, shun a place in the picture, though it be near the flashing of the guns (applause).

Sons of the Pilgrim Sires—I feel honoured in my association with you this day, in the festive, although temperate, celebration of an event, than which none more important, in its bearings on human destiny, is chronicled on the historic page. It is the departure of your pilgrim fathers and pilgrim mothers from Delft Haven, on the 1st of August, 1620, in that frail and often imperilled bark, the Mayflower, under the guidance of their pastor and of their God, to seek religious and establish civil liberty in the wilderness of America—to found on an eternal rock, the rock of truth, externally symbolled by the Plymouth Rock, near which we now reverently and joyously stand, a new empire of freedom, destined to solve successfully the problem of popular self-government, and to surpass, in extent of territorial domain, in greatness and glory, and in the production of the greatest good to the greatest number, all other empires, ancient or modern, which history records in her instructive annals, or which yet play their parts on the grand theatre of national existence. Descended, as I am maternally, and as numbers of my fellow South Carolinians are, either paternally or maternally, from Huguenot ancestors, who fled from even greater persecutions than did your Puritan fathers, and encountered equal perils and made equal sacrifices with them, for religion and liberty, I can fully sympathize and fraternize in feeling, in principle, and in hope, with this multitudinous concourse of worthy sons assembled to do honour and reverence to worthy sires—decked and crowned as it is with the beaming presence of the lovely daughters of the Pilgrim mothers. Permit me, fellow-citizens of Massachusetts, to seize this occasion for the purpose of twining a common garland in honour of the illustrious and now immortal trio who, after serving their common country with an extent and variety of service that made them and her glorious, have gone successively and at short intervals to the grave, to be mourned by their mother States with a domestic and a hearthstone grief—a sorrow that refuses to be comforted: by sister States, also, with responsive sympathy, and by the nation at large, as bereft at once of her brightest and most cherished jewels, and her strongest and noblest pillars. Clay, Webster and Calhoun were, beyond all comparison, the three men of America, and long, if ever, will it be ere three stars equal in magnitude and lustre will be again seen culminating at the same time on our national meridian. The similitudes and affinities in their gifts, history, and career, are numerous and striking. They were not far removed from each other in age, and they came very nearly at the same time on the arena of public and political life. Each, in the very incipiency of his public career, was recognised as an intellectual Hercules, and sprang, at a single bound, to the loftiest eminence. Each, while living, was the most cherished son of his particular State, and now that all of them are tenants of the grave, neither of their mother States would exchange her dead offspring for any living son in Christendom. Each in his own section stood without compeer in greatness and in the popular affections, yet each was regarded as the common property of the republic, rendering her illustrious service in the Senate, in the Cabinet, and in the field of diplomacy, influencing her measures and her destiny by their sage counsels, in peace and in war, identified with her history and her onward march, and, in a large measure, constituting her fame (applause). They all alike towered above the men of their country and of their time, moral and intellectual pyramids in the midst of an intellectual and enlightened generation. Each was a practical farmer, fond of rural elegance and rural pursuits, and skilled in agricultural science. Calhoun at Fort Hill, his elegant and well-ordered mountain farm; Clay amid the shades and rural wealth of his beautiful and romantic Ashland; and Webster at his Marshfield, encircled by agricultural abundance, reposing from the cares of State, and dispensing neighbourly kindness and elegant hospitality—each aspired to the chief magistracy of the republic, seeking the noble end by noble means, and with motives "that make ambition virtue;" and each alike failed to win the noble and glittering prize, and each alike deserving, although not commanding, success.—There was, perhaps, too, a similarity in the reasons or causes of their common failure. Clay, when about to make his great anti-Abolition speech in the Senate of 1839, was warned by a gifted Senator from South Carolina—the Hon. William C. Preston—that, with his well-known opinions on the question of Slavery, and in view of his aspirations for the Presidency, it would be as well not unnecessarily to offend the Abolitionists; but the prompt and decisive answer of the great Kentuckian and patriotic American was—"I would rather be right than be President," and the Abolitionists became thenceforth his bitterest foes, and in all probability prevented his election to the Presidency in the subsequent contest with Mr. Polk. We learn, from the eloquent and classical eulogy of the accomplished Choate, worthy to take its place in the richest casket and among the brightest gems of English oratory and English literature, that a similar incident adorns the history and illustrates the character of the illustrious Webster. When warned that his patriotic and constitutional course on the compromise of 1850 would endanger his prospects to the chief magistracy of the nation, "with his great eyes glowing, and the very lightning flashing from his face," his answer was—"I would not swerve a hair for the Presidency." So, too, Calhoun, by the stiffness of his unpopular opinions on the subject of State rights, and especially the Roman firmness of his opinions on the great and absorbing question of Southern rights, were the chief barriers to his success as an aspirant for the Presidency. But, although they all stood alike secluded, by their very greatness, from the Presidential chair, every one agrees that they want nothing earthly to complete their fame; that they would have been more honouring than honoured in wearing the Presidential laurel, and that as "Senators in the Senate House" they were as suns in the political firmament, eclipsing in lustre and in glory the lesser stars that have twinkled their feeble radiance from the highest place of the republic. That there were diversities between them in the structure of their minds, in the character of their intellectual endowments, in their mental habitudes, in their range of knowledge, and in their order and style of speaking and of eloquence, cannot be doubted; but wherever they differed, it was as one star differeth from another star in glory. Similar as they were in their lives, in death they were not far divided, and they met the final doom of mortality in very similar circumstances—each dying at the post of duty, and in the harness of the republic—two of them at the national capital, and the third during an intended temporary absence from it, but while yet charged with the cares of the nations. It is recorded in Holy Writ that "The glory of the terrestrial is one, and the glory of the celestial is another," and these illustrious compeers having coequally participated in the one, may we not piously, in this mundane sphere, indulge the hope that they are now rejoicing and beatified participants in the other one—the heavenly courts—the empyrean realms above!

Before closing my remarks, so inadequate to this great and interesting occasion, I cannot forbear doing reverence to the name and the shade of the illustrious Webster for his constitutional fidelity to the South. It sprang from principle as well as feelings imbibed from parental instruction; and it is no wonder that the boy who first read and studied the constitution of his country on a cotton handkerchief should have been unswerving and faithful in giving the full benefit of that constitution to the cotton States of the South and West. It was under this hallowed influence that, at Richmond, in 1840, he made the memorable declaration that, "in the capitol of Virginia, under the light of an October sun, he gave it to the wings of the wind, and wished it borne to every corner of the republic, that Congress had no power whatever, directly or indirectly, to interfere with the institution of Slavery in the several States;" and it was in the same spirit that he took that noble stand in 1850 which saved his country from fraternal strife—the Union from dissolution (hisses and applause). And while thus, as a Southerner, rendering homage to the illustrious dead, let me also do homage to the illustrious living, and return my grateful thanks to the great speaker of the day, the gifted, the glorious Everett (Webster's worthy successor in the Cabinet and in the Senate Chamber), for the declaration and sentiment, uttered by him in Congress, many years ago, but still indelibly impressed on my memory—"There is no cause in which I would more readily shoulder a musket than to put down a servile insurrection in the South" (applause). Let me here, too, narrate an anecdote, or an incident, connected with the great Carolinian, and his love and admiration for Massachusetts and Boston. It was in my last conversation with him, just before he departed from Charleston, on his last mission to Washington, that he broke out in warm, glowing and loving eulogy of Massachusetts and Boston, referring to the time when Josiah Quincy came as a missionary from Massachusetts to Charleston and South Carolina, to enlist the descendants of the Huguenots with the descendants of the Puritans in the Boston tea party, in the coming struggle for American independence, which then cast its great shadow before, dwelling, with evident pleasure, on the ancient ties, political and social, which once united the two sister commonwealths and the two sister cities, and discoursing eloquently on the affinities which yet obtained between them, in conversation, in hospitality, and in social elegance and refinement.

Let such principles and feelings, such as animated the bosoms of the dead Webster and Calhoun, and such as yet animate the bosom of the living Everett, be cherished and imitated, and the Union will be indeed perpetual—realizing the loftiest and happiest destiny for itself, with the two oceans for its longitudinal and the North Pole and the Isthmus of Darien for its latitudinal boundaries—civilizing, christianizing and peopling the American continent, and, by their glorious example and influence, regenerating the human race. In the language of the Union anthem of a gifted son of New England, who has made the sunny South his home, I would say, this day, from a full heart—

> Dear to us the South's fair land—
> Dear the central mountain band—
> Dear New England's rocky strand—
> Dear the prairied West!

In conclusion and in renewed reference to the great and lamented dead, I would suggest that a common memorial, in the shape of a work of art, so perfect in design and creation as to challenge and command the admiration of the world, should rise to perpetuate the memory, worth and services of the illustrious trio, so alike in life and in death, emanating either from the nation at large or from the three States more immediately concerned, as alike honoured and alike bereaved. I would, therefore, propose as a sentiment—

CLAY, WEBSTER, CALHOUN—Let a group of statuary, chiselled in Parian marble, perpetuate their memory, at the national capital; or let Kentucky, Massachusetts and South Carolina pile a common monument to the illustrious three, at Ashland, Marshfield, or Fort Hill, to awaken the admiration and kindle the emulation of posterity, "till suns shall set and rise no more" (applause).

COLONISATION IN VIRGINIA—BISHOP MEADE'S LETTER.

To the Editor of the New York Daily Times.

MY DEAR SIR: I enclose a letter from Bishop MEADE, on the subject of African Colonisation. It is taken from the *Colonisationist* for the month of July. If your columns allow, please publish it. The testimony of such a man—so venerable for learning, piety and modest worth—so full of the spirit of humanity, and, withal, so true a friend to the African race—deserves to be extensively known. I have no idea that the views of the Bishop will have any effect upon the Abolition Party of the Free States. Men who reject God's testimony are not likely to believe human witnesses; and a philanthropy which scoffs at Christianity, will scarcely be open to conviction, if it should have the evidence of its own senses for its errors. But there are thousands at the North who are not implicated in the guilt of Abolitionism—whose minds begin to see and feel the immense difficulties investing this subject—and who are prepared to appreciate the facts bearing on it.

You are aware that Emancipation, some years since, was quite popular at the South, and that thousands of negroes were set free to remain in this country. Great pains were taken to prepare these negroes for their freedom. Often the most intelligent and pious were selected, and they were furnished with the means of starting in their new life. Does any one know of encouraging results from this movement? Did it succeed? Did the men and women, who were slaves, become wiser, better, happier by their manumission? Are there any cases in which masters have been satisfied with the consequences of their acts? So far as I am aware, if the most of them had now to consider the propriety and humanity of Emancipation, they would about as soon think of it as they would of blowing their brains out with a loaded musket. The thing has demonstrated its own suicidal tendencies. It has proven its own utter falsity—its incongruity with the circumstances of the negro; and consequently *its former friends are now its bitterest enemies.*

The moral and social difficulties in the way of successful Emancipation (on the plan of the negros remaining in this country) have not only increased on *the old ground*, but new and more serious embarrassments have started into existence. Emigration has poured its tide of several millions on our shores, and these foreigners are occupying the whole field that the negro might have looked to with some hope of sustaining himself. There is but one hope for him: African Colonization. But to the letter. Yours, truly, HUMANITAS.

To the Editor of the Colonisationist: JULY 23, 1853.

REV. AND DEAR SIR: In compliance with my promise to you during a recent conversation upon the subject of Colonisation, I send you a brief statement of the views which I have always held, and of the part which I have acted, in relation to the same. I am the more willing to do this from the fact that I have been occasionally misrepresented, both in private and in public—so as to be made to seem more favourable to emancipation in our own country than to Colonisation in Africa. A brief narrative of my connection with Colonisation will best explain my position and views. From the first establishment of that Society to which your services are devoted, I was chiefly interested in its object. A few years after its first agitation, and as soon as it was regularly organized, I was requested to visit the principal towns throughout our land, with a view of forming auxiliary Societies, raising funds, examining into the condition of the free coloured people, and selecting the first colonists.

These objects, I was enabled to accomplish in some degree in less than a year of travel and inspection, during which time I visited all our principal cities, from Portland in Maine to Savannah in Georgia. The result of my inquiries and efforts were duly reported to the Society. Nor have I seen any cause to change my opinion, since that time. I found the condition of the free people of colour generally a very unhappy one in every place, but much less so in the Southern than in the Northern States. There was so much more of intelligence and character in many of those whom I saw in the South, that I recommended to the Society that, if it were practicable, the first colonists should be taken from among them.

During my visit to the North, I preached on the subject from many of the pupils of different denominations, and hesitated not to maintain that such was the degraded and unhappy condition of the free coloured people generally in this country; that there was no encouragement to emancipation on the part of slaveholders; that those who wished to do that, should employ the agency of the Colonisation Society—there being persons who would avail themselves of such a method of emancipation, whose judgments and consciences would forbid their turning loose upon the land their uneducated and helpless slaves, to be liable to all the evil which seemed to be the inevitable lot of the free blacks in America. After performing this temporary service for the Society, and resuming my parochial charge, I endeavoured to enforce the argument addressed to others, by my own example. Having inherited a number of slaves, I proposed to send them to Liberia, after they should, by their good conduct for a few years, have shown that they were proper subjects of colonisation.

Their conduct was such as I required: but at the appointed time, the condition of the colony was so unpromising by reason of sickness and other causes, and the hopes of its friends were so faint, that I could not (even if the servants had been willing) have felt at liberty to expose them to the dangers of the colony. But they had complied with the conditions required of them, and had a right to expect their freedom: I therefore permitted them to seek their fortunes in Pennsylvania and Ohio. I would that it were in my power to add that they had been successful, but I fear, from all that I have learned, that they have only furnished additional *proofs of the hopelessness of benefitting the condition of the slave by manumission in America.* From the above statement you will perceive that my act of manumitting my servants in this country has been misconstrued. I still hold, as I have ever held, that freedom in America to the coloured man, with but few exceptions, has been no blessing, and that those who are free ought to be aided and encouraged to migrate to some land more favourable to their improvement and happiness. I need not add that the hope and the flattering prospects of bestowing the blessings of civilization and Christianity upon Africa by means of colonization point to the land of their fathers, as the proper place for themselves and their children. Praying for great success to your labours in this noble cause, I remain,

Yours, &c. WILLIAM MEADE.

Selections.

BISHOP POLK AND SLAVERY.

To the Editor of the N. Y. Tribune.

SIR: The Editor of the *Express*, in a late communication from the South, says that Bishop Polk, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, is the owner "of 340 slaves;" "that in one year eighteen children "had been born on his plantation, worth $100 "each;" that "in the grinding season he suspends all sorts of labour on Sundays;" that his *servants* fare sumptuously," that

"On a plantation like this the majority of those of mature years are regular members of the Church, and here there are ninety communicants. They sit under the preaching of their master. They are confirmed by the same Bishop who confirms the whole communicants of a whole diocese. Black and white alike, and together, partake of the Lord's Supper, pray to the same Father, confess to the same Saviour, and look forward to the same Heaven.

"'If Northern Divines, however Anti-Slavery they "may be, will come here to save souls,' said Bishop "Polk, 'I will welcome them when they come. I will "not ask whence they came, or what their faith. They "shall visit every plantation in the Louisiana diocese, "and I will only exact of them that they preach the "Gospel as it is proclaimed in the Word of God.'"

From this it seems the Bishop himself is the pastor of the slaves. He preaches to them and administers to them the rites and sacraments of the Church. As an Episcopalian, I suppose he preaches the doctrines of the Church to which he belongs, viz.: That, by baptism they were made the "children of God "and inheritors of the Kingdom of Heaven," that hereby they were incorporated into the "body of "Christ;" that when "*black* and *white* partake "of the Lord's supper," they "spiritually eat His "flesh and drink His blood," that hereby they are sustained to "eternal life." This is the "high calling" of these his slaves. The kind and humane Bishop preaches this to his flock, and at the same time he and they both know that by the law of the land each and every one of these his fellow Christians and his fellow-members of Christ's body may be attached and sold for debt; at his decease may, and probably will be, sold or separated, one from another, and sent away from all their Christian privileges. Is not the mission of this Bishop to the whites, who make and uphold the most iniquitous slave laws that ever disgraced humanity? Should he not throw the weight of his influence and character into the scale of the oppressed? What has this bishop or any other bishop in a slave State ever done or said to procure the repeal or modification of these laws, by which the sale of their *Church members*, of those "who have been baptized and confirmed by them," to whom they have dispensed, according to the teaching of their Church, the life-giving sacrament of the altar? When and where have they protested against such iniquity?

"A NORTHERN ANTI-SLAVERY DIVINE."

MRS. H. BEECHER STOWE.

"MRS. STOWE's name was sent to the Queen to know if it would be agreeable to have her presented, and no notice was taken of it. 'God save the Queen!' for she is a noble-hearted little woman. I should not be at all surprised to hear very soon of Mrs. Stowe's return."

This notable paragraph is from the correspondence of the *Louisville Courier*, and has been copied into a great many papers; perhaps, because it contains an extraordinary amount of falsehood, foolery, and fanatical spite. This correspondent thinks names are sent to the Queen, before people can be presented, whereas the Queen has nothing at all to do with the matter, the Chamberlain being the party to arrange all. The Queen, if she had anything to say about receiving Mrs. Stowe, would not venture to treat an American lady with rudeness: and if she did to treat the woman whose genius has filled the civilized world, she is a very *ignoble* little woman. We have no doubt Mrs. Stowe took no pains to be presented to the Queen. Even if she did, and it was refused, what is it that this Jackassical correspondent is in a paroxysm of delight about? The Queen has no more real political power in the country than he has. Her ministers, through whom alone she can say one word or do the smallest act politically, did not wait for Mrs. Stowe to go to them, but rushed off to her with extraordinary alacrity. The lady who has been for years her intimate friend and female confidant entertained Mrs. Stowe as her guest, and did for her what we will venture to say she never did for any foreigner before. Now here have been the Statesmen of the land, "pillars of the State," waiting upon Mrs. Stowe, and the "correspondent" goes into ecstacies because she was not at the Court gala.

She has had the substantial homage of real power; no doubt, *she* declined to appear at court, which is a mere form. Not to one in a hundred who are presented does the Queen say six words. Ladies and gentlemen, dressed up in all the colours of the rainbow, the former bedizened like actresses with lace and jewels, and decorated like Indians with paint and feathers, pass through a room, sidling and bowing to the Queen who is there seated—that is a presentation—and Tom, Dick and Harry, Charlotte, Sally and Bess can be presented at any drawing room or levee if they can get the clothes, and somebody who has the entree to present them. Garrison and Lucy Stone could be received at Court if they wanted to figure there. It is no honour or distinction at all; people of extraordinary ignorance and vulgarity are often presented there. Contractors who have robbed the country and amassed a fortune; rascals who have concocted swindling joint stock companies and plundered the community; old sinners who have revelled in all sorts of pettifogging jobbing and corruption; and gluttonous, chuckle-headed Aldermen—all these are to be found at Court—anybody that is not of notoriously vile character. Yet we see blockheads, fanatics and hypocrites, mostly in the Northern States, enjoying or pretending extreme delight because they believe that an American lady, whose *genius as a writer* is an honour to her country, to say the least, is refused admission at Court. Verily, there is a small difference between the giants of the South, the intellectual champions of her institution, and the tribe of fools and parasites that try to decry Mrs. Stowe. The latter is a woman of wonderful genius, and of earnest piety, and firm of purpose withal; she may be prejudiced and in some measure mistaken—but no man with the smallest grain of sense doubts her sincerity and capacity.—*Ohio Statesman.*

THROUGH TRAIN FROM OLD VIRGINIA.—A young woman, of neat appearance, by the name of Elenora Taylor, arrived here on Friday, 8th inst., on the Underground Express train from Wheeling, Va., with her infant, a child of two months. She wishes to say to her old master, Mr. Joseph M. Bushfield, that she did not fancy the arrangements he was making to send her off to the cotton plantations of the far South, in the hands of Parker Campbell, a Soul driver, who was prowling about Wheeling. She is now happy and contented on the free soil of Canada, exercising a parental care over her darling infant, who was to be torn from her by the same arrangements, and sold to another person. By her timely departure, she feels happy that she has relieved Mr. Bushfield of the trouble of thus disposing of herself and offspring, as well as the necessity of any longer taking care of her, for she has no doubt of her competency to take care of herself for the future under the protection of the British Lion.—*Voice of the Fugitive.*

FROM OLD KENTUCK.—We are happy to announce the arrival of eight females by the last train of the Underground Railroad from Kentucky. They are all one family—consisting of a mother and her daughters—the mother brought an infant in her arms also. It has scarcely ever been our lot to witness such a respectable and intelligent family of females from Slavery, and, if we are not much mistaken by appearances, they will be an ornament in the future to our social circle in Canada. Too much credit cannot be awarded to the vigilant attention of the Underground railroad agents in facilitating the passage of those defenceless refugees, especially in the State of Michigan. Much [illegible] the benevolent ladies (sisters of the Stock[illegible] them), the Conductors and Engineers of this railroad for their timely aid in supplying the wants of their escaping sisters, particularly the ladies of Ypsilanti, Adrian and Coldwater, in the State of Michigan, where articles of apparel, money, &c., where furnished by them to these fugitives.

We would here remark, in this connexion, that the only phase of clothes donations that is advisable or tolerable is under these circumstances, where such things are furnished to the fugitives themselves, by the donors, whilst on the road to Canada. This insures the reception of the articles by the proper persons, as well as a satisfactory distribution of the same. And it would be a decided benefit to our people in Canada if philanthropists in the States would reserve such articles to distribute themselves to the wayfaring fugitive, instead of sending them to Canada, to be a bone of contention to mar the peace and happiness, and future welfare of the colored people in this province. Will our friends please take proper notice and govern themselves accordingly?

P. S. Since the above arrivals, four more passengers came in safe and sound from the slave shambles of Kentucky to this glorious province.—*Ibid.*

"THE REV. DR. ORVILLE DEWEY, some time since, resigned his naval sinecure. Mr. Filhnore made him a Chaplain in the Navy, at an annual compensation of $1,500, for which he did not preach a single sermon or do any other duty during the years he held the office, except very regularly to draw the pay!!! This is the first instance, in the history of the Government of the United States, in which office has been utterly and wholly a *sinecure.*"

We find the above paragraph in the Utica Daily *Gazette* without one word of defence or explanation in behalf of the Rev. D. D. What changes a few fleeting months bring about! Two years since, it was discovered that the Union (*and* Slavery) was in danger, and the *Gazette* was loud in its praises of "Rev. Dr. Dewey," and others of that ilk, who disgraced their profession by becoming *hired* apologists of Slavery progandists; the pulpits of these immaculate divines were turned into rostrums, from whence they tried to prove that Slavery was a heaven-ordained institution, and denounced all who believed in a "Higher Law" than those formed by man. We were among the *honoured* recipients of "A Sermon" by the same Rev. Dr., in which the duty of every citizen to assist in enforcing the Fugitive Slave Law, and acquiesce in the Compromise Measures, was enforced with all the fervour that a $1,500 Chaplain's sinecure could generate.

But now there is no more fat advertising "By Authority," from Washington, and the *Gazette* echoes the sneers of those who despise the efforts of Dr. Orville Dewey, for receiving $1,500 a year from the General Government, for which he rendered no services. If the secrets of the Public Departments at Washington were revealed, it would be found, we fear, that many others besides Rev. Dr. Dewey, prostituted their calling and position to the use of the Slave power for a consideration.—*Roman Citizen.*

WE see a great deal of stuff and nonsense in many papers about England designing to surround this country with black nations, and eventually to destroy this great Republic. For our own part, with all respects for the feeble gentlemen, whose sole stock in trade as writers and politicians is Slavery, the compromise, and the dreadful designs of England, we must express our firm belief that Old John Bull has no intention whatever of destroying this Republic. John is obstinate, prejudiced, bull-headed and often very foolish, but John is not consummate ass enough to believe that this Republic is to be destroyed by niggers in the West Indies or anywhere else. We fully coincide in the opinion expressed by many, that the Cuban Slave Trade is a diabolical traffic; and we believe that the ready common sense way to express it is to bring the island under *the Stars and Stripes*, when it would have a government willing and able to abolish it. But we must say in this connection, that if we held Slavery to be the divine institution and excellent thing for the negroes that it is said to be by many who cry out about the horrors of the Slave Trade, we should feel no compunction whatever in engaging in that profitable business.—*Ohio Statesman.*

CONTEMPTIBLE.—A respectable coloured man was prevented one day last week, by one of the officers of a Fulton ferry-boat, from passing through the ladies' cabin, into which any beastly rowdy may intrude himself at will. The coloured victim explained that he merely wished to pass through, but his explanation went for naught. He was driven out as if he had been a wild beast; and, "as a lamb before his shearers is dumb, so *he* opened not his mouth."

It seems to us, who meddle not with Abolitionism, preferring the Union, the whole Union, and nothing but the Union, to all the isms in creation, that this was an unnecessary and cruel piece of barbarity.—*Sunday Mercury.*

THE STANDARD.

WEST INDIA EMANCIPATION.

CELEBRATION BY THE *NEW YORK ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.*

SPEECHES REPORTED BY W. H. BURR.

ON Thursday, August 4th, at 9 o'clock, A.M., the members and friends of the New York (City) Anti-Slavery Society, numbering several hundreds, embarked in the steamer *Island City*, at the foot of Fulton street, E. R., for Flushing, L. I., for the purpose of celebrating the Nineteenth Anniversary of Emancipation in the British West Indies. The copious rain of the previous night and of the early morning, and the indications that more would probably fall during the day, deterred hundreds from going, who, but for these circumstances, would have rejoiced to share the pleasures of the occasion. Many who at first intended to go, but who had abandoned the purpose when they saw the indications, in the early morning, that the day would be wet, noticing at the last moment that the clouds were breaking away, made an effort to reach the boat in season, and failed, and, not knowing how to procure a passage by other conveyances, were deprived of the privilege of uniting with their friends in the observance of the day.

The passage up the river was exceedingly pleasant, and the whole company were in the best humour. It was indeed gratifying to find so large a number of persons, from the City of New York, ready to manifest their interest in the Anti-Slavery cause by attending, in spite of the forbidding aspect of the weather, a celebration originating with a newly formed auxiliary of the American Anti-Slavery Society. Many friends of the cause, previously strangers to each other, were now introduced, and ties of mutual sympathy and confidence created, which, we hope, will be strengthened by further intercourse and co-operation in the cause.

At a quarter past 10 the boat arrived at the point of disembarkation. As we approached Flushing, the sun shone out in full splendour, affording a fine view of the beautiful grove where the celebration was to be held. The company passed from the landing to the grove upon a foot-bridge, leading across a wide marsh. The grove (known as "St Ronan's Well") is situated upon a bluff-like elevation, commanding a fine view of the Sound, dotted here and there with snowy sails, and also of the Westchester shore, with its border of forest, interspersed with white cottages; the whole presenting to the eye a scene of rare beauty and rural magnificence.

After a few minutes spent in arranging the seats in the grove, the meeting was called to order by LAUREN WETMORE, President of the Society, and the proceedings [illegible] with the singing of the following hymn. The leaders [illegible] HAMILTON and EZEKIEL DIAS—coloured men—to whom the managers of the Society owe their hearty thanks. Many others, both coloured and white, also rendered their aid in this part of the services.

AIR—"*Scots wha hae.*"

> Hail again the glorious day,
> When the despot's bloody sway
> Passed forevermore away,
> In the Western Main!
> When, upon the bondman's night,
> Broke old Freedom's joyful light,
> And against the conquering RIGHT,
> Strove the WRONG in vain
>
> Sing the triumph, when, at last—
> Years of fiery trial passed—
> Slavery's hated form was cast
> To a loathsome grave;
> And the friends, who, for his good,
> Watching through the night, had stood,
> To their holy brotherhood
> Took the ransomed Slave.
>
> Sing, that, in their unchained flight,
> With convincing power and might,
> Freedom's growing years unite,
> This great truth to swell:
> Laid to RIGHT's unbending line,
> Where God's living counsels shine,
> FREEDOM is of birth divine,
> BONDAGE is of hell!
>
> Let the shouts of freemen ring!
> On her white far flashing wing,
> God's free angel comes to bring,
> To our own fair shore,
> Freedom, peace, and righteousness;
> Comes the plundered to redress;
> Comes the fugitive to bless,
> Fugitive no more!
>
> Strong, then, be each heart and hand
> Of the brave, true-hearted band
> Who, to save a guilty land,
> Strike for Liberty!
> Be they feeble, faint, or few,
> They shall smite Oppression through;
> They shall conquer—GOD IS TRUE!—
> And the slave go free.

The PRESIDENT having remarked that there was now opportunity for vocal supplication, a fervent and impressive prayer was offered by Mr. CAMPBELL, a coloured clergyman, of this city.

The PRESIDENT then addressed the meeting, as follows: We have met to celebrate one of the greatest events of modern times—an event by which eight hundred thousand persons were transformed from chatteled slaves to freemen by the peaceful action of the British Parliament. And the best feature of it all is, that it was achieved without a drop of blood. Yes, my friends, it was a bloodless victory, and, as we believe, it was the first of a series of great events which are to follow. England, despite all her other sins, deserves the credit of this act, and it will redound more to her glory than all her military triumphs. It will be as a bright and shining star in her history for evermore While the mother country was doing all this, what was the position of the American people as regarded this movement? Did they assist it? No; far from it. And if you will examine the records of Church and State, you will find no record whatever of it. No people ever lived who talked so much of liberty as we do, with so little cause. But the American people deny the manhood of the negro. They practically deny that equality exists between the races. This is the difficulty, in reality. But there is a good time approaching, and the contest is soon to commence. The leader on one side is the "Prince of the Power of the Air," and on the other the Lord God of Hosts (applause).

OLIVER JOHNSON, Corresponding Secretary of the Society, being introduced, proceeded to read the following letters:

From Hon. John P. Hale.

NEW-YORK, Saturday, July 23, 1853.

MY DEAR SIR: Your polite note of invitation to attend the celebration, by the New-York Anti-Slavery Society, of the W. I. Emancipation is before me.

It would really afford me much pleasure to accept and attend, but I have made an arrangement, which I cannot dispense with, to be absent from the City all the first week in August.

With many thanks for the invitation and the very cordial manner in which you have communicated it to me, I am very greatly obliged.

With much respect, your friend,

Mr. O. JOHNSON. JOHN P. HALE.

From Rev. E. H. Chapin.

No. 126 Twelfth-st., NEW-YORK, July 26, 1853.

DEAR SIR: I thank you for the invitation which you have extended me, and need not assure you, I trust, of my cordial sympathy with the main principles of the free platform on which you invite me to speak. My desire and my faith are for universal freedom for all classes and all colours, for all who bear the nature and the rights of humanity, in this and in every land. But, at the time of your anniversary, I expect to be absent at the East, and, therefore, cannot be present.

Respectfully, yours, E. H. CHAPIN.

From Theodore D. Weld.

BELLVILLE, July 31, 1853.

MY DEAR FRIEND: I have just returned home, after a few days' absence, and hasten to dispatch a word in reply to your kind note of invitation.

Your sufferance and patience with my long silence is to me richly impressive and suggestive—the more so, as it is nearly *unique*—and now I must make another draft upon it, by saying that I cannot dutifully be with you in person at your gathering; but I exult with you and the steadfast hearts around you, in the faith that the day cometh apace when the *First of August* will rise to its own place in the calendar of man, greeted by the shouts of new-born nations, till the heavens ring and the earth shakes with the world-wide acclaim. The great act which consecrated it will be commemorated with reverential homage, when anniversaries of national rapine and glorifications of human butchery shall be known only as historic stains disfiguring the darker periods of the race.

My wife and sister heartily join me in earnest God-speed to every true utterance. Your friend and brother, THEODORE D. WELD.

From Hon. William Jay.

BEDFORD, July 29, 1853.

DEAR SIR: Please to present my acknowledgments to the Managers of the New-York Anti-Slavery Society, for their invitation to me to attend the celebration of West India Emancipation. It will not be in my power to leave home on that occasion, but I beg you to be assured that I would most joyfully unite in commemorating one of the most glorious triumphs achieved by Christianity in our age.

The religious sentiment of Great Britain demanded and obtained, from reluctant politicians, a great act of mercy and justice, and cheerfully consented to the addition of a hundred millions of dollars to an onerous debt, that the oppressed might go free. Mr. Stanley, then one of the Ministry, confessed, in the House of Commons, that no Ministry could retain power that should refuse emancipation. The Christians of Britain did not make the probable amount of sugar to be hereafter raised in the West Indies the standard of moral obligation. Had the Government appropriated the hundred millions to the moral, intellectual and social improvement of the emancipated slaves, as an atonement for the injustice, cruelty and degradation to which they had been wickedly subjected, instead of giving it it to the masters as a compensation for being no longer permitted to outrage the rights of humanity and the laws of Almighty God, the act of emancipation would have been still more in accordance with sound policy and the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

The contrast between British and American Christianity, in regard to human bondage, and its accumulated abominations, is most painful and humiliating. Cotton divinity is the fashionable, if not the prevailing, theology of the United States—a theology which repudiates all the benevolent, holy precepts of our blessed religion, as applicable to the treatment of millions of our countrymen of African descent. Many of the teach[illegible] into a paroxism of holy indignation at the imprison[illegible] and his wife [illegible] offence of reading the Bible, while they view with placid serenity the legal deprivation of three millions, in their own land, of every religious right—three millions who may be driven under the lash to and from any place of public worship—who may be made to profess Protestantism or Popery, or kept in heathenism, at the pleasure of their masters, to whom the volume of inspiration is a sealed book

But however much we may, and ought to, loathe the men who, in the character of ambassadors of the Lord Jesus Christ, volunteer to proclaim the sanction of their Divine Master to the most stupendous system of cruelty and iniquity known in the world, and who are cheering on the ferocious slave-catcher, by pointing him to the pretended example of a Holy Apostle, let us beware how we incur the injustice of indiscriminate censure.

The clergy are, by nature, of like passions with the rest of mankind. The Divine Author of our religion, far from promising that all his professed disciples would act in obedience to his precepts, expressly declared that, at the last day, there would be many who had prophesied in his name, and in his name done many wonderful works, whom he would know only as workers of iniquity; and St. Paul gave notice that there would be professing Christians having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof. These predictions have been verified from the time of Judas to the delivery of the last sermon in favour of Slavery and slave-catching. And yet in the Christian ministry, in all ages and in all countries, have been found men of whom the world was not worthy—men who, in holiness of life, and untiring, disinterested benevolence, have been but little lower than angels. At the present day, and in our own land, we have many, very many, who adorn the doctrine of God their Saviour, and who, rising above the fear of man, inculcate truth, justice and righteousness toward all men. These men in publicly denouncing the sin of slaveholding and slave-catching, voluntarily hazard the wrath of their rich and powerful patrons; nor are instances wanting in which they have been driven from their parishes on account of their fidelity to their Master.

A still more numerous portion of the clergy, pious and good men, yet wanting in the martyr spirit, and unwilling to expose themselves and families to poverty, persuade themselves that duty does not require them to risk the loss of all other opportunities of doing good, by entering into what they are fain to believe a fruitless conflict with our great national crime. Hence they abstain from rebuking it, but they also abstain from palliating or justifying it.

While we cannot commend the silence and timidity of such men, let us not forget the apostolic precept—"Of some have compassion, making a difference."

Our censures on the silence of these men ought to be tempered not only by a recollection of their peculiar temptations, but also by a consideration of our own frailty Let us not forget how many who once laboured with us are now found in the ranks of our enemies, and whose ardent zeal in behalf of the slave has, under the withering influence of political distinction and emolument, proved like the good seed which fell on stony land.

The late reaction against justice and humanity, produced by the competitors for the Presidency, bidding for Southern votes, aided by a corps of pro-slavery divines, and by a manufactured panic about the Union, is passing away. The excessive profligacy of our party leaders and their venal subserviency to the dictation of the slaveholders, are inducing honest, well-meaning men, to break the fetters of party, and to yield to the monitions of conscience and humanity. The impudent attempt of the office-seekers to stifle all discussion of the abominations of Slavery have signally failed. The signs of the times are daily brightening, and rebuke all apathy and despondency in the friends of human rights.

God grant that your intended celebration may tend both to invigorate and to unite the efforts of Abolitionists in the holy cause in which they are engaged; and may those efforts be made in his fear, and be crowned with his blessing.

I am, Sir, yours respectfully, WM. JAY.

OLIVER JOHNSON, Esq., Cor. Sec. N. Y. A. S. Soc'y.

From John Jay, Esq.

NEWPORT, R. I., August 3, 1853.

MY DEAR SIR: I pray you to accept my thanks for your kind invitation to assist at the celebration of the Anniversary of West India Emancipation at Flushing on the 4th of August. The grove where you are to meet was familiar to me in my boyhood when a scholar at Dr. Muhlenburgh's Institute, and I should be glad to revisit it on so interesting an occasion—to listen to your eloquent and earnest speakers, and to learn the new facts that may be presented, of the present condition of the West India Islands. But previous engagements will deprive me of this pleasure, and I can only comply with your further request "if my attendance

should be impracticable, to send you my sentiments in a letter."

Whatever difficulties may have beset the West India planters, all the Parliamentary documents I have seen prove that emancipation has been successful in its consequences to the Slaves, and that the evils *seemingly resulting from it*, to the planter—which have been so much enlarged upon—are in truth attributable to pre-existing causes, and their own subsequent unwise conduct. The language addressed by Sir Lionel Smith to Lord Glenelg, on the abolition of the Apprenticeship, was significant and prophetic. "Your Lordship must further expect to hear of worn-out and moneyless estates being totally abandoned from want of means to pay the labourer. This will be magnified as one of the evils of Freedom." "But," he adds in the same letter, "whatever difficulties may arise must be immaterial; for one great blessing, FREEDOM, has overspread the land, and its virtues will counteract all the designs of the oppressor and wrong doer."

As a triumph of right over wrong in the conduct of a great nation toward a helpless race, West India Emancipation marked a new era in the progress of civilization, and as such will be held in sweet remembrance by good men of all countries, to the end of time. But to us, who are seeking to secure the same glory for our own land—the same freedom for our own countrymen—the event you commemorate is, I think, more than any other in the world's history, fraught with instruction and with hope: and I trust its anniversary may continue to be observed among us, as an occasion of joy and thanksgiving, until the day shall come—whether to us, to our children, or our children's children—when America, like England, shall be free; when, through our wide borders, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, in words familiar to our hopes, "the sun shall not rise upon a master nor set upon a slave."

The signs of the times seem to indicate that the dawn of that day is approaching. Notwithstanding all that has occurred within the last three years to dishearten us, none should fail to see that the gloom which overshadowed us is dispersing, and that we are breathing again a purer atmosphere.

In this age of inquiry and progress, the champions of Slavery have practically admitted that its only security consists in escaping observation and discussion. While Truth fears nothing but concealment, Slavery fears nothing but the light. Its advocates seek not so much to answer our arguments as to shut our mouths; and, to effect this object, during the last twenty years, freedom of debate in our legislative halls, liberty of the Press in the free States, the right of petition to our Representatives in Congress, the integrity of the national mail, have all been violated, and violated in vain; and, in eighteen hundred and fifty, the South, aided and abetted by Northern statesmen, ventured upon a yet bolder step—the passage of the Fugitive Act—by which our coloured citizens were stripped of the ancient safeguards to personal freedom, and all of us of the free North were commanded, under penalty of fine and imprisonment, to become tipstaffs at the summons of slave-catching Commissioners, and hunt the fugitives in their flight from the bosom of Slavery to the Canadian line. As such an act was not likely to be meekly obeyed by the sons of the Pilgrims and the Huguenots, we were appealed to by a voice that has always been listened to with respect when it uttered American sentiments, Christian truths, or Constitutional principles; we were appealed to by Mr. Webster—and the unaccustomed tones were echoed from pulpits far and wide—*to conquer our prejudices*, and obey the act of Congress, rather than "the Higher Law."

All the appliances of party were brought to bear in advancement of this ungodly scheme. We had the Baltimore Conventions, with their resolves of finality, astute politicians, convenient lawyers, eager commissioners, accommodating judges, a press that veered with the breeze thus cunningly manufactured, and a corps of clergy, who, taking the Slave Act for their text, devoutly impressed upon their flocks the duty of returning slaves to bondage. This formidable array was backed, in the Atlantic States especially, by a mercantile community of untold wealth, who, thinking their business profits in danger, agreed upon the watch cry of "Danger to the Union," and proceeded, with great skill, to alarm the nation. They elected, as you remember, the eminent lawyer, Mr. George Wood, to preside over "the Great Castle Garden Union Safety Committee." That gentleman, in his inaugural address, on the 30th of October, 1850, declared, "*The object of this meeting is to put down agitation on the subject of Slavery*," while a credulous and deluded multitude responded with cheers. I quote his words, that they may be remembered, and I hope the hundred gentlemen who constituted the Committee—some of them men of respectability and worth—and the eight thousand merchants and shopkeepers who signed its call and subscribed to its funds and to its principles, may reflect sometimes upon the issue of the pledge they then assumed to give to their Southern customers, that they would stay the agitation of Slavery in the Free States of this Republic.

It was a bold thing to stay agitation on any subject among American citizens, but on this subject more than any other, and they might better have pledged themselves to stay the Nation's heart, beating responsive to the voice of God. Such narrowness of vision, or rather [illegible] who pride themselves upon the keenness of their politicai sagacity, would be most surprising if we did not remember that it was the natural and inevitable consequence of moral obliquity. When an American has come to regard Slavery as a system approved by God, we need not wonder if he becomes the dupe of the most preposterous opinions, and learns to regard the Slave Act as constitutional, or the silencing of agitation possible.

What has been the result of these mighty efforts? and what are the present prospects of our cause? The commercial and political influence of Slavery in the North has received no slight check from the little appreciation by the slaveholders of the sacrifices made in their behalf by their Northern allies. Southern newspapers taunt our patriotic shopkeepers, that were so valorous to save the *Union*, with simply seeking to retain, by an unworthy and transparent ruse, their Southern customers, who, passing them by with contempt, make their purchases of independent firms, who declared, in the height of the panic, that "their goods and not their principles were in market."

Southern politicians have shown an equal disregard of the claims of their Northern eulogists to place and office for persuading the country that the slaveholders would dissolve the Union, when it is notorious that their most sagacious statesmen—as you may have recently seen by an address at Charleston—are earnest in their belief that the only hope for Slavery is in adherence to the Union. The slaveholders are very clever at managing the country, and they are the last persons to be managed in turn. They are ready to use as tools Northern men, but they will not trust them; they may encourage and love the treason, but they despise the traitor. If, as Mr. Hale remarked the other day at Boston, the great New-Englander, who had once reproached us that "there was no North," could again address his countrymen from the grave, to which, as his friend and familiar, Mr. Hiram Ketchum, has told us, he was hurried by disappointment and a broken heart at the treachery of those for whom he sacrificed his all, he might remind our place-seeking politicians, "that for recreant statesmen from the North there was no South."

A certain degree of good faith is essential to the permanence of all compacts. A small modicum of honour has been known to exist even among thieves, and it is quite natural that some indignation should prevail when it is entirely dispensed with in the distribution of the spoils of office among those whose chief bond of union consisted in what John Quincy Adams aptly called "the cohesive power of public plunder." "From this time," remarked recently a distinguished Hunker, whose devotion to Slavery has met no adequate reward, and the sentiment will be warmly responded to by many Webster Whigs—"From this time the South may catch their own niggers, and support their cursed institution without our aid. They will appeal to us henceforth in vain, for they have acted towards us in bad faith." I confess I did not wonder at the bitterness and ill-humour of my Democratic adviser. Nothing can be more provoking than to have sinned in vain—to have sacrificed consistency, gentlemanly feeling, professional reputation as a lawyer, and the better feelings of our nature, in upholding a law as clearly unconstitutional as it is plainly wicked, and then being cheated of the promised bribe. But our politicians of the North should have remembered, when they enlisted in the service of the South, that they were engaging themselves to masters who were principled against paying wages.

The Fugitive Act, which for a time flooded the country with bad law and worse theology, well befitting Barbarians and Infidels, but doing little credit to Anglo-American Christians, is virtually a dead letter. In some fifty or sixty cases only, I believe, have fugitives been returned under it, to become apostles of freedom on Southern plantations; and from my professional connection with two or three of those cases in New York, I am satisfied that a great impulse was given to the Anti-Slavery movement by the deep indignation aroused in the breasts of thoughtful men, at the contemptuous disregard of the principles of law and the rules of evidence which marked the proceedings.

In recalling one of those cases—that of Henry Long, which was contested for some three weeks—I am solemnly impressed with the realities of life as compared with the shadowy vanities of the passing hour. Of all those who strove so eagerly to deprive Long of liberty, how *few* survive. Mr. Gardiner, the Clerk that appointed the pseudo Commissioner who issued the warrant and was so active in his support; Mr. Western, the counsel for the claimant, who was rewarded for his zeal by a service of plate; Mr. Griffin of the Safety Committee, who assisted to retain Mr. Wood as associate counsel against my poor client, and Judge Judson, who surrendered him as a slave, in utter defiance, as we believe, of the law and the evidence, and without venturing to allude, in his elaborate decision, to the one great point of the defence, that my associate, Mr. White, enforced with such convincing argument, that the Bench and the Bar, as I believe, felt it to be invulnerable—all of them, after their brief triumph over the helpless negro, have been themselves summoned in turn by Death, relentless as a Marshal, to the bar of Heaven's chancery, to be judged by that higher law so scoffed at here. Let us hope that they have met—I will not say with more justice—but with more mercy than they showed to Long.

The re capture of slaves under the Fugitive Slave Act—let the Safety Committee, in recalling their pledges, long remember it—gave birth to "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*," and the agitation of Slavery that was to cease at home, was not only renewed by that touching story, with an intensity never known before throughout America, but was extended to every part of the enlightened globe. Great Britain and France, Italy, Germany, and even Russia, are reading, each in their own tongue, the wrongs of American Slavery; and tens of thousands have witnessed upon the Stage, with moistened eyelids, the trials of a fugitive. This universal sympathy, not simply as directing public opinion abroad, but in view of our increasing foreign emigration, will not be idle. European emigrants will now come to us forewarned and forearmed in regard to Slavery and its supporters. They will come fresh, perhaps, from contending with tyranny at home, not to subserve, as they have sometimes unwittingly done, a more grinding aristocracy in our Western World, but they will come ready to join us with heart and hand, in rescuing American principles from sectional encroachment, and battling against the accumulated wrongs of a more than European despotism.

Uncle Tom's mission is not yet fulfilled. In our theatres, his great work would seem to be but just commenced. The "National Theatre," of New York, from resounding with coarseness and profanity, has suddenly become, to a class whom we could reach in no other way, a school of virtue, and the boys of the Bowery, no longer a reliable posse for Mr. Commissioner Morton, or Mr. Marshal Tallmadge, when next they have occasion to hunt a fugitive, applaud with right American enthusiasm, Eliza, as she eludes her pursuers on the ice, and George, as he maintains his freedom with his rifle, and showers death upon the slave-hunters from his rocky eminence. Thus the humanity of the slave is being recognised by that order in the State which, more than any other, directs the destinies of this country. A few years more, and the lads who are nightly cheering, at the National, generous sentiments of freedom and justice toward Southern slaves, will be the voters before whom our aspiring statesmen bow with more cringing humility than courtiers before the throne, and in accordance with whose prejudices, politicians, from time to time, adjust the turn-tables of party, and erect temporary platforms of what they call their principles!

Here is an Anti-Slavery propagandist of which the Safety Committee never dreamed. A popular drama, inculcating true patriotism, sound religious principle and correct doctrines of constitutional law, crowding our theatres and lyceums, and filling the pockets of managers, is something that neither the mercantile community, with its monied power, nor the press, with its despotic and prescriptive voice, can begin to check, and in its universal success throughout Europe, and now at the National, in New York, we may read its future and widely extended influence. Yet more than Shakespeare himself, has Mrs. Stowe exemplified that line of the great bard,

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

Among the most effective results of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," must be enumerated the affectionate and touching address from the women of England to their sisters of America. From the homes of England, our motherland, whence came our religion and our liberties, our literature and our laws; from the stately homes of Sutherland and Argyll, and from the thatched cot, with its modest woodbine, all distinctions of rank and wealth yielding to one common impulse, came that voice swelling from the hearts of thousands and tens of thousands, united by a holy sympathy, addressing the mothers and daughters of America, and pleading with woman's tenderness for woman's purity. Of the moral influence of that movement, the end is not yet, nor can its results be fully known until the last great day; but this we know, that the address alone would have swept to the winds the finality resolves at Baltimore, and the pledges at Castle Garden to stay Slavery agitation.

The address penetrated not only the entire North but the entire South. It was sown broadcast by the newspapers which were to silence discussion, and constituted for a time the great topic of the day, inducing what nothing else could have effected, a universal agitation of the Slavery question. The comments of the English and Northern press were eagerly copied at the South. The slaveholders, by their replies, greatly assisted the agitation, and you will remember one in particular, by Mrs. Julia Tyler, as materially assisting our cause by exhibiting the ungentle tone and temper which the system of Slavery is capable of engendering even in woman's heart.

I have already exceeded the just limits of a letter, or I would say something of the rapid progress of Anti-Slavery principles in our Free States, as exhibited in the large increase of the Free Soil papers, and many other signs not to be mistaken, and also something of the encouraging movements among our coloured citizens, evincing a determination to better their condition, and to insist upon the recognition of their common [illegible] fer, too, to the occasional evidences among [illegible] men of an awakened consciousness to the curse of Slavery, and the absolute necessity for its abolition, to prevent a yet further relapse into barbarism, while their sister States are rejoicing in prosperity and progress. In Mr. Mann's volume on Slavery are given some valuable pages on this topic, from a Southern pen, the language of which shows a clear appreciation of the fact, that while Slavery appropriates much, it creates nothing, and that, as Burke well said, "to deal and "traffic, not in the labour of men, but in men themselves, was to destroy the root, instead of enjoying "the fruit, of human diligence."

One ground of constantly-increasing, and most reasonable alarm, on the part of the slaveholder, and an ever-present inducement toward a peaceful abolition of the system, arises from the practical amalgamation which, for so many years, has been bleaching the complexion of the slaves, and infusing fiery American blood, impatient of oppression, into the sluggish veins of the patient African. A Virginia statesman long since assured us "that the best blood of Virginia flowed "in the veins of slaves," and those of us who have been accustomed to relieve and cheer on their northern tour, fugitives from the Old Dominion, and the more southern States, may have naturally felt that we were but repaying a debt due to their sires of the Revolution, who assisted in the establishment of our liberties. How long it may be, should their fathers refuse to do them justice, before they will remember their ancestors, and rely on their own right arms, none can tell. God grant that all occasion for their own vindication of their rights and liberties may be timely removed; but it were folly to shut our eyes to the fact, that when the hot blood of southern masters predominates among the slaves, when the paternal hue lightens in the epidermis, and the paternal features stamp identity upon the countenance, there must be many an inner trait assimilating the father and the child.

I have thus alluded to a few of the signs which, to my mind, are clear and convincing that our cause is onward and our success certain. Ours is the movement of the age, and with us are the hopes and prayers and sympathies of the Christian world. With us is all that is sound in law—all that is true in Religion—all that is beautiful, ennobling and humanizing in Literature. The crisis that we have passed through has left us with renewed strength and confidence, for it has proven our invincibility. And even the Church, which has been the chief bulwark of Slavery, will soon, I trust, prove true to the holy mission it has so fearfully forgotten. That Slavery is tottering to its fall was the deliberate conviction of that far-sighted and sagacious statesman, the late Sir Robert Peel. In the House of Commons, on the 29th of June, 1848, after referring to the recent convulsions in Europe as useful lessons from which Brazil, Cuba, and the United States might do well to take warning, and remarking that "*there would be an "increasing sympathy with the condition of Slavery*"—a prediction that has been already verified in the most striking manner—he said: "But whether there "shall be wise and providential legislation on the part "of Governments or not, *I believe the doom of Slavery "to be sealed*—that it cannot long survive—that it "must at no remote period be extinguished."

Allow me once more to express my regrets at not being able to meet you at Flushing, and to subscribe myself, Yours, always faithfully, JOHN JAY.

MR. OLIVER JOHNSON, Corresponding Secretary, &c.

Before the reading of the last letter was finished, a copious shower compelled the assembly to take refuge in a large unfinished building provided for such emergencies. This, however, caused but very slight inconvenience. The letters were all greeted with applause, and some passages in the last two were loudly cheered.

At this moment, MR. GARRISON, who had been detained by an accident on the Norwich and Worcester Railroad, and did not arrive in New York in season to take passage in the *Island City*, made his appearance in the assembly, and was received with demonstrations which evinced the strong desire that was felt by all to listen once more to his inspiring voice.

The meeting then took a recess until one o'clock, for conversation and refreshments. Those who had brought provisions imparted to those who had none, and there was enough, and more than enough, for all. The water from "St. Ronan's Well" was as pure and cool as it was abundant.

At 1 o'clock, the meeting was called to order in the building before spoken of, the grove being too damp for use. The audience was largely increased by accessions from Williamsburgh, Flushing, and other places on the island.

The following hymn was sung:

HOW TO GAIN TRUE FREEDOM.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

TUNE—"*Auld Lang Syne.*"

We want no flag, no flaunting rag,
For Liberty to fight;
We want no blaze of murderous guns,
To struggle for the right.
Our spears and swords are printed words,
The mind our battle-plain;
We've won such victories before,
And so we shall again.

We love no triumphs sprung of force—
They stain her brightest cause;
'Tis not in blood that Liberty
Inscribes her civil laws.
She writes them on the people's heart,
In language clear and plain:
True thoughts have moved the world before,
And so they shall again.

We yield to none in earnest love
Of Freedom's cause sublime;
We join the cry, "FRATERNITY!"—
We keep the march of Time.
And yet we grasp not pike nor spear,
Our victories to obtain;
We've won without their aid before,
And so we shall again.

We want no aid of barricade
To show a front to wrong;
We have a citadel in truth,
More durable and strong.
Calm words, great thoughts, unflinching faith,
Have never striv'n in vain;
They've won our battles many a time,
And so they shall again.

Peace, progress, knowledge, brotherhood,
The ignorant may sneer,
The bad deny, but we rely
To see their triumph near.
No widow's groans shall load our cause,
No blood of brethren slain;
We've won without such aid before,
And so we shall again.

On motion of OLIVER JOHNSON, the President appointed the following persons to constitute a Finance Committee, viz.: C. B. Le Barron, P. M. Williams, M. A. W. Johnston. [Other names not remembered.]

MR. JOHNSON gave an account of the formation of the New York Anti-Slavery Society; explained its objects, and solicited the co-operation of all those in attendance. He read the principal parts of its Constitution, and stated distinctly that it had been formed to co-operate with the American Anti-Slavery Society—that Society which had ever been found faithful to its noble principles and its broad platform. It had just stereotyped and published, in pamphlet form, the Constitution of the American Society, the Declaration of Sentiments of the Convention that formed the Society in 1833, an Exposition of its Platform by Mr. Garrison, an explanation of what Abolitionists mean by Immediate Emancipation, Thome and Kimball's description of the manner in which the slaves of Antigua received the boon of freedom, Whittier's graphic poem on the Fugitive Slave Law, entitled "A Sabbath Scene," an extract from Channing on Emancipation, &c. This pamphlet (36 pp. 12 mo.), Mr. Johnson said, was intended chiefly for gratuitous distribution among those who were seeking light on the subject of Slavery and the principles and measures of the Abolitionists; he therefore hoped that the friends of the cause would give to the New York and American Societies the means necessary to enable them to circulate it far and wide. There was now an unusual willingness, on the part of many, to read Anti-Slavery tracts, and this one, setting forth, as it did, in the clearest manner, our fundamental principles, ought to be scattered broadcast in every part of the land. He also took occasion to invite those present, who had not already done so, to subscribe for the *National Anti-Slavery Standard*.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON was then introduced to the assembly, and received with hearty applause.

MR. GARRISON'S SPEECH.

MR. PRESIDENT: Thus far, in our great and glorious struggle, we have had very little fair weather, and a great deal of foul. We are driven within doors, to-day, by a powerful rain. Thank God, it is not 'the reign of terror'; it is not the reign of Slavery; it is God's own free, unfettered rain, and therefore desirable, and beneficial to the earth.

The pleasure I feel in being with you, to-day, is transcended only by the joy of those in the West India Islands, who are now lifting up their unchained hands to God, and rejoicing in the liberty with which they have been invested, originally by Him who made them, and subsequently by the genius of philanthropy. There have been many grand and thrilling events in the history of the ages, each one of them specific, distinct, far-reaching, and having an important bearing upon the welfare and liberty of mankind; but it may be safely affirmed, without extravagance or exaggeration, that no event has ever taken place in our world so grand, so sublime, so far-reaching, and so important in its bearings, as the liberation of eight hundred thousand slaves in the British West India Islands. In the first place, the oppression which was then hurled to the dust was unparalleled in its character, in the weight of its yoke, in the [illegible] degradation of its victims, the presence of chattelism. A [illegible] in the political firmament; he may live where he cannot utter his thoughts freely; he may have very little compensation for his labour; he may even lack bread; and yet he is not a marketable piece of property—he is not regarded as *a thing*, but he still keeps his manhood, and is recognised everywhere as a whole human being. Not so with the slave; he is denied his place among mankind, though created in the Divine image and likeness. We have dared to say, and now say as a nation, as the West India Planters said a few years ago: "The slave is not a man God's image in him shall not be respected." We deny that God ever made him to possess inalienable rights. We say that he is fit only to be owned, to be bought and sold, and to be used up in the culture of sugar, cotton, and other articles for our convenience. No despotism has ever been so exacting, so cruel, so murderous, and so exterminating, as that of Slavery. I say, therefore, that in contemplating the overthrow of that hideous system, we are to notice the peculiarity of the triumph, in that it hurled to the dust the most formidable opponents of God and man that has ever cursed the earth. We have been taught to abhor the memory of Pharaoh, and to sing with David this song: "Oh, give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good, for his mercy endureth forever. To him that overthrew Pharaoh and his hosts in the Red Sea, for his mercy endureth forever." Yet Pharaoh was no slaveholder. He did not trade in "slaves and the souls of men." The Israelites were labouring under political and governmental disabilities, but we have no evidence to show us that they were ever owned as mere property; so that there is no analogy, there is no parallel between Slavery as it existed in the West India Islands, or as it exists in our own land, and the oppression served out to the Israelites by Pharaoh.

The abolition of West India Slavery was remarkable for another thing. I think it was the first practical recognition, in a national capacity, of the brotherhood of the human race. I know that South American Slavery was abolished prior to the period to which I allude. I know that Slavery was abolished in Mexico in 1829, anticipating West Indian emancipation; but then the reason in this case was a political one; it was found necessary in order to establish a government; it was clanish, and not broad and liberal as pertaining to man without distinction of colour, and without regard to policy. But the slaves of the West India Islands were not Englishmen, Scotchmen, or Irishmen; they were not of the Anglo-Saxon race. They were abhorred, spit upon, and ranked among the lowest of the human creation; and yet the spirit of true piety and genuine philanthropy rose up in England, Scotland and Ireland, and decreed that 800,000 slaves of another race, clanking their chains in the West India Islands, should be acknowledged as be brother-men—should be brought into the family of man. That glorious example has since been followed by Sweden, Denmark, France, Tunis, and other powers—*not*, I blush to say, by the United States of America! How was that great event accomplished? For we are here, to-day, to learn something as to the best means of grappling with the same system in our country, that God may peradventure give unto us a Jubilee, rendered all the more glorious, because it will be all the more extensive, and carried out on even more radical principles. When Thomas Clarkson, the glorious pioneer of our great movement, first had his attention called to the subject, it was not in regard to the slave, as a man, who was already enslaved in the West Indies; he thought only, at that time, of those who were liable to be enslaved—the native-born Africans. It was the abolition of the Slave Trade, not the overthrow of Slavery, to which his attention was first attracted. He was faithful to the light that was given him, and never faltered in the face of persecution. For almost forty years, Wilberforce, Clarkson, Buxton, and their noble associates, endeavoured to overthrow the slave trade, leaving Slavery unassailed; and the consequence was that they were defeated in every step of the way. The West India planter laughed them to scorn. Having no principle on which to stand; having failed to demand immediate, unconditional emancipation for all in bondage, they had no power over the consciences of slaveholders, and therefore none over the consciences of the people of England. And so, during this long period, the foreign slave trade went on, and the victims of Slavery continued to multiply, until 1824 or 1825, when it was left to an obscure, humble woman, a member of the Society of Friends, named ELIZABETH HEYRICK, lying on her sick bed, from which she never rose, to propound the true doctrine, to be enunciated and enforced, uncompromisingly, for the overthrow of the great abomination of Slavery. She first sounded the tocsin of immediate, unconditional, everlasting emancipation. From that moment, the kingdom, slumbering over the whole matter with indifference, was shaken as by an earthquake; the agitation began, went on, and continued, till, in the course of a very few years after that period, not a slave was left clanking his fetters in any island belonging to Great Britain (applause).

This principle must be ours. To compromise it is to give up everything. To say that a slaveholder can be an honest or a Christian man in holding property in human flesh, or that he can be justified in the deed on any ground, is to be apostate to liberty and to God, and to give up the whole cause. Show me, logically and morally, that a man can hold his brother man in bondage as his property one hour, and I will not stop to argue whether he can hold him two hours, a whole day, or a whole year, or his many slaves as he can buy, or inherit, or steal; because, if he can be property at any time, why not always property? A piece of furniture is not property this hour; it is always property. This building is property, and will be property to the end; but man is not property. God never made you or me to be a slave; and if he never made you or me for such a fate, he never made anybody. Therefore, we must demand the instant restitution to the slave of all the rights which have been stolen from him.

Then, again, this event was marked by another pleasing and sublime feature. It was wrought out without the shedding of blood. True, before it took place, prophecies were made, that the moment the slaves should be set free, they would become infuriated—that, having it in their power, they would kill their masters, set fire to the plantations, and make chaos come again! These things were constantly asserted by respectable and intelligent men, by ministers of the gospel, by statesmen and politicians—by all such as the people are accustomed to consider as lights and guides, whom they are bound to follow. And yet they were all false prophets, and did not utter a single word of truth. The event has shown them to have been foolish, unwise, and cowardly, in their anticipations. The hour came at last when, in the twinkling of an eye, the relations between the slaves and the masters were to be changed. They *were* changed; and the result was—what? The shedding of blood? Whose blood? Who has ever heard that a drop of blood was shed by any of the emancipated? And whose life did they threaten? whose property did they touch? what did they do, that it did not become them to do as men? They thronged to their little churches, to offer up their song and prayer of thanksgiving to God for their deliverance. They wept over each other, embraced each other, and were filled with the deepest gratitude; and, from that hour to the present time, no class of people in the wide world have behaved better than the emancipated slaves in the West India islands (great applause).

It was brought about, at the last, by compensation and purchase. I allude to this, not as justifying the act. It is not a precedent that we ought to follow. I simply refer to it to show you how deep was the opposition to Slavery—so deep that the people of England, poor as the millions are, and bowed down to the earth, were still reconciled to the idea of paying twenty millions of pounds sterling, in order to make sure of the emancipation of the West India slaves. It was a sublime instance, in the matter of self-sacrifice, on the part of the British people, though uncalled for by justice.

But Slavery was not abolished by first undertaking to settle the question as to the value of the slaves. It was not abolished by the church or the clergy leading off the sacramental hosts of God's elect against the Slave Power. It was not overthrown by statesmen and politicians leading the way. It was not the commercial spirit, which we are so often told is destined to civilize and save the world, for commerce is always selfish and not purposely beneficent. That was not the spirit which first arraigned West India Slavery, and demanded its overthrow. It was disinterested philanthropy, abhorrence of crime, love of God and love of man, which inspired those who went forward to grapple with the slave system in those islands. That was the motive power all the way through. Whatever else may have come in afterwards—if the church gave any support, if commercial men were found at last willing to consider the feasibility of the project of abolition—still all these things were incidental and subsidiary. It was faith in God, faith in principle, and love for men without distinction of clime or colour, which effected the Abolition of Slavery in the West India Islands.

And so it will be here. We have only to rely upon the justice of our cause, and on Him who is the embodiment and soul of justice, for success. When the church gets ready, she will join us. When the clergy find it convenient, safe and profitable, they will come. When politicians can get votes and office by it, they will be sure to be friendly to the Anti-Slavery enterprise. But till that day shall come, there must be a band who are willing to be made of no reputation, whose reliance is not on any sect, or any party, or any pulpit, or any divine, or any statesman—those reliance is solely on God and on his truth for success (great applause.) And it is not a large number, numerically speaking, that will be needed to effect this great work in our own country. All great and sublime events are brought about in a very humble manner. God takes the foolish and the weak things of the world to confound the wise and the mighty, that no flesh shall glory in his presence; that when the deed shall be accomplished, the song may go up, "Not unto us, but unto thy name, O Lord, be all the glory."

How did the West India planters treat the Abolitionists of England? Did they say—"come, and examine our slave system for yourselves; you are mistaken men; you do not understand the workings of Slavery; the slaves are contented and happy; and if you do not believe us, come and consult them, the way is open to you; send us your delegations, and they shall be kindly received; interrogate the bondmen on our plantations, and see if he wants to be free"—Did they believe Slavery to be right; it is of God, and therefore we have nothing to fear; we are willing to measure weapons with you; argument against argument, fact against fact, to the end of the controversy?" Not at all. They became infuriated like wild beasts. They were eager to shed the blood of Wilberforce, and Clarkson, and Macaulay, and Cropper, and Buxton. They were unwilling to hear a single word on the subject. You know how they treated the missionaries who were sent from England to the islands, to do something for the spiritual welfare of the slave population. Suspecting these missionaries to sympathize with the slaves, they brought against them the accusation that they meditated a general insurrection among them—that they were plotting treason, and therefore must not be allowed to remain in the islands. Accordingly, the planters combined, tore down and burnt some of their chapels, put several of the missionaries into prison, and banished the rest from the islands. They had no arguments to offer. God never yet made it possible for a man to argue successfully in favour of Slavery. Gabriel himself would become a fool if he were to try to do so. No matter who the man may be, he is a foolish or insane man morally, who attempts to argue the rightfulness of turning a man into a piece of property. The idea is so gross, so monstrous, so horrible, so unnatural, that every soul shrinks from it, instinctively, the moment it presents itself, especially when the thought is that the individual himself is to be the slave; for no man ever yet felt that he was formed for Slavery.

How was the Anti-Slavery cause treated in England in the early period of its existence? Clarkson could find no supporters, excepting a few humble, uninfluential Quakers. His life was continually in peril. At Liverpool, the slaveholding faction attempted to throw him overboard and drown him, and it was necessary for him to hide himself lest the arm of the assassin might reach him. The proud Church of England had no bowels of mercy for those in bonds. The people generally knew little or nothing on the subject of Slavery, and therefore cared nothing about it. All that was intelligent, powerful, and respectable in the land, was arrayed against the little handful of Abolitionists. The throne and parliament were combined, almost as with infinite strength, to put down all agitation on the subject. And yet, after a while, "a little one became a thousand," and the cloud "no bigger than a man's hand" filled the whole heavens, and the Jubilee came! The parliament gave way, and every slave stood up a redeemed man (applause).

This teaches us an important lesson—a lesson of perseverance in the good cause. "Be not weary in well-doing; for, in due season, ye shall reap, if ye faint not." "He that endureth to the end, the same shall be saved." We have also an important lesson taught us in regard to the value of principle. We have no cause for distrust as to the result of our agitation. The victory is ours; the slaves are to be redeemed, *must be redeemed*, SHALL BE REDEEMED, in our country (great applause); and he is a coward and a time-server who has any doubt in regard to it. No matter what may be the present attitude of the Slave Power; no matter what may be the extent of its dominion; no matter that it has now absolute control of the American Church, and owns the American Clergy, with here and there an exception; no matter that it puts up, and puts down—that it kills, and makes alive—that it is omnipresent, omniscient, omnipotent, for the present hour; thank God, there is not, under the whole heavens, a Power so weak in itself as this same Slave Power of our country (applause)—for weakness is always in proportion to wickedness; and there is nothing so wicked as Slavery, and, therefore, nothing so weak and so sure to be overthrown (applause).

This, my friends, is the celebration of the Anniversary of *British* Emancipation. Why should it not be the Anniversary of *American* Emancipation? Our Jubilee—it has not yet come. The clouds are heavy around us, and we have but here and there a ray of light. What then? 'As I have already remarked, in view of what was accomplished in England, after a short and earnest struggle, we have every reason to believe that a still more glorious victory is to be vouchsafed to us; and it may come to us as it came to the West India slaves, in the twinkling of an eye; for great events suddenly culminate at last, and seem to be accomplished in a moment; though the preparatory labour may have been long protracted, and seemingly futile until the hour of triumph.

Well, everybody knows Slavery is wrong, and especially "wrong in the *abstract*." Even the "Union Safety Committee" would tell you, every man of them, that they held Slavery "in the abstract" to be perfectly diabolical! Now, if we could only make it an abstraction, we might be content to hate it in the abstract. If we could make all the slaveholders, slave-traders, slave-buyers, and slave-drivers, mere abstractions, we might go home (laughter), and never hold another Anti-Slavery meeting. If we could take those galling yokes, heavy fetters, and bloody whips, and transform them into mere abstractions, the slaves would ask no more, and nothing more would be left for us to do. But Slavery, as actually existing, finds a great many apologists and defenders, not on the ground of abstract right, mark you! (for it is conceded that, in the abstract, it is wrong) but on the ground of expediency. The circumstances are such that it is highly inexpedient, they say, to emancipate the slaves at present; "wait a little longer!" How much longer, our opponents have never told us. I suppose they would be willing to have Slavery abolished fifteen minutes before the day of judgment—perhaps not till fifteen minutes after (laughter). At any rate, they are not definite as to the time, and are not fond of speculating when the foul system will come to an end, but it is not expedient now to abolish it. Now, my reply to this objection is, that it is not a question of expediency which is under consideration. Expediency is a very good thing—indeed, there is nothing better, in the right place, and at the right time. I like the word. Of the seventy thousand words which Noah Webster has put into his dictionary, I do not know a better one than "expediency." I hold that we ought to be men of expediency, under certain circumstances. For instance, to-day, it has been a matter of expediency with us, whether we should go into the grove, as it is wet and uncomfortable, or whether we should come in here, out of the rain. No principle being involved, of course, we can sit here, or go there, just as we choose. I am soon to return to Boston. It is for me, as a matter of expediency, to determine whether I will walk, hire a private conveyance, go in the steamboat, or take the railroad train. Where there is no principle involved, and it is a choice between two modes of action, then I may choose, as, on the whole, it seems best to me. But who talks of bringing in expediency to subvert the eternal laws of God? Who talks of putting the rights of man in the dust, on the ground of expediency? The only question is—IS THE SLAVE A MAN? We have first to settle that question—not the question of expediency; that may come in afterwards. There is the slave; look at him! The lineaments of his Divine Creator are upon him; he can feel, he can suffer, he can enjoy, he can expand all the faculties and powers of the mind, as a man. And who and what is man, that he should talk of putting his brother down into the dust, on the ground of expediency?

"How rich, how poor, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful is man!
Distinguished link in being's endless chain,
Midway from nothing to the Deity!
A beam ethereal, sullied and absorpt;
Though sullied and dishonoured, still divine!"

That is man; yes, the most despised of all who are held in the iron fetters of Slavery.

"Though by his brother bought and sold,
And beat, and scourged, and all that,
His wrongs can ne'er be felt nor told,
THE SLAVE'S A MAN, for all that!
For all that, and all that,
His chains and stripes, and all that,
The image of his God remains—
The slave's a man, for all that!" (Applause.)

And now that we have raised the man up from the dust, with no chains around him, the question may be considered, if any one cares to propound it, what is the expedient thing to be done?

Then, as to the supposed danger of liberating three and a half millions of slaves—it is not a question of danger. It is proper for us to consider when or where we are liable to put in peril anything we justly prize. But this is not the question to be settled. For the argument's sake, however, be it so, that everything we hold dear will be jeopardied by the Abolition of Slavery to-day. It does not touch the question. For whom am I addressing, but a portion of a people who call themselves Christians, who have a great deal to say about "Christ and him crucified"; who talk of glorying in the cross, and despising the shame; who go to their churches every Sunday, and sing martyr hymns and songs, in strains like the following:

"Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?"

Again:

"Though earth against my soul engage
And hellish darts be hurled,
Still I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world!"

That is heroic and brave. It means nothing, however, unfortunately (laughter). But I say we are not to consider the question of danger, in settling principles. You remember the old record which runs in this wise:

"Nebuchadnezzar, the king, made an image of gold, whose height was three score cubits, and the breadth thereof six cubits; he set it in the plain of Dura," and commanded that, at what time the people heard the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sacbut, psaltery, dulcimer, and all kinds of music, they should fall down and worship the golden image; and whoso refused to comply with the edict should be cast into a fiery furnace. You remember, also, that there were certain contumacious, fanatical, mad, treasonable, stiff-necked Jews (I was going to say Abolitionists), who resolved that they would do no such thing. Now, there was the king, able to execute his terrible threat the same hour they refused to fall down and worship the image. So they were brought before him, and he asked whether what he had heard about them was correct? They said unto him, "O Nebuchadnezzar, we are not careful to answer thee in this matter. If it be so, our God, whom we serve, is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace; and *he will deliver us out of thine hand*, O king." What! Did they have an insurance policy that they would not burn, after all? Did they believe that God would perform a miracle, and save them? If it went no further than this, there was no merit in their contumacy—it was not the exhibition of a martyr spirit, but only a sham. If, I say, they knew beforehand that it would be only in appearance, and not in fact, that they would be called to suffer, then it did not indicate any faith in God—it was no self-sacrifice. But they did not stop there. They said, "He will deliver us out of thine hand, O king. But if not, be it known unto thee, O king, that we *will not* serve thy gods, nor worship thy golden image"—i. e., we will burn first! (Applause). There was danger to look in the face. Do you think ours is any greater? Would it be any greater in abolishing Slavery? Settle your principle first, adhere to it, and then let the danger come, if it must. But I tell you, my friends, that we shall always suffer the least by the closest adherence to the right—by cleaving to principle. And we shall suffer less to-day, if we will abolish Slavery, than we shall suffer to-morrow. It will be easier to-morrow to abolish Slavery than it will be the next day; for it becomes all the more complicated and more difficult, the longer it is allowed to continue.

Then, they tell us, the difficulties are so great that they cannot be removed at once—that Slavery has entwined itself among all our relations, commercial, political, religious and social, so that it cannot be got rid of in a day. Verily, we are brought into very great difficulty, in consequence of our oppression. All I have to answer is—the same mind that willed a man to be a slave, can will him to be free; and we shall find it less difficult to emancipate the slaves in our country than it was to kidnap them on the coast of

...coal-red blot of Slavery from the world, they would do it, though they had to do it as a sacrifice (cheers). America—although there is no reference to it in my resolution—America has been mentioned to-day, in connection with Slavery, and it is to be lamented that America, that makes a boast of its liberties, should be found among those who are the perpetrators of Slavery. I was standing on one of the wharves of this city, a short time ago, when a friend of mine said, 'How significant is the American flag! do you know what is meant by its stripes and stars? I'll tell you; they mean that the Americans give stripes to their negroes by star-light.' That, it is true, was but an interpretation with which his imagination had supplied him, but it is to be feared that it exists in fact, and that the light that beams from the stars of America is a too frequent witness of the stripes that are inflicted on its slaves."

Mr. Ralph Brown said—"He might venture to affirm, in behalf of the planters, that they entertained no less abhorrence of Slavery than he did, and would be equally ready to act the evils of the system, were they as well accustomed to speak in public as he was."

The Rev. Mr. Hewitt said—"Let us henceforward be united, and raise a loud note, which would reach the shores of England, that we are determined Slavery shall be abolished—it would find an echo there. He could not help thinking what a strange day this was! Revolution was rife in Europe, Denmark and Prussia, Germany and Italy had theirs; but when he thought of an Anti-Slavery meeting in the Court House of Montego-Bay, he would say, that we too had had a glorious revolution (cheers). Why, if the walls of the buildings and the streets of the town could speak, they would cry, 'Bravo, bravo!' They would bid them go on in their good work, and prosper! He hoped there would be a revolution like this in Cuba, and in Porto Rico; and in Brazil, and even in America, too; not a bloody revolution—not one accompanied by horrors—but one brought about and accomplished by the moral agency which might be brought to bear on the question. It wanted but a few Knibbs, and Burchells too, to go forth into these lands, and proclaim the destruction of Slavery."

The Rev. John Howard Moore said—"The whole island should be agitated for the fulfilment of those treaties which were formed with Great Britain for the abolition of Slavery (cheers), until the voice of this agitation should roll across the broad Atlantic, and thrill the very hearts of the people of Britain, causing the hands of the supporters of Slavery to fall powerless, and giving stimulus and energy to the friends of freedom and the slave (cheers).

Mr. Jordan, in offering a resolution, said—"No man desires the restoration of Slavery. There are some humane, religious men who, considering that Slavery is sinful and unjust, would be sorry to see it restored. There are others who would object to its restoration because it is a system fraught with evils. Slavery engenders pride, wastefulness and carelessness. It also prevents improvements which would prove beneficial."

The Rev. S. Oughton said—"Sir, deeply as I feel interested in the welfare of Jamaica, I would not dare to purchase it at such a price as Slavery involves; rather would I that we had poverty with righteous freedom than wealth with an unrighteous bondage; and if the terms of returning prosperity were a return to Slavery, I would say down with Slavery (hear). If Slavery could present the strange phenomenon of doubloons dragged through our streets by truck and dray loads, as mentioned by a gentleman, just now, as having been once the case in this city (laughter), I would still say, down with Slavery, and rather let us enjoy poverty with a conscience unpolluted by guilt than wealth stained with the blood of the poor and the oppressed (loud cheers). * * * And why all this ruin?—why all this desolation? Because Slavery and its slave-trade continued to exist, and England has become too partial to it (hear, hear). Oh, sir, Slavery is a bloody crime—it is the scourge of man, denounced by God, and must be hated by all good men (cheers). * * The Anti-Slavery Society at home are with us heart and hand in this matter, and only wait for our cordial co-operation to enter on a new crusade for universal liberty (cheers). Yes, liberty to Brazil! liberty to Cuba! and, last, but not least, liberty to Africa! (Cheers.)"

This is the united testimony throughout all the British islands, of the planters as well as the emancipated; and in no instance, as I remarked before, have they ever attributed any of their sufferings, as they call them, to the abolition of Slavery. They have complained of the British Parliament—of the home government. They have said, "you have not passed discriminating duties, giving us a fair chance to get a start with our free productions against the slave-grown produce of the United States, Brazil and Cuba;" but never have they expressed any sorrow at the act of emancipation—just the reverse.

At the worst, contrast the situation of the coloured population in Jamaica before emancipation and after it. Before emancipation, the slave had no compensation for his labour, no opportunity to learn to read and cultivate his powers of mind; it is not worse now. Before emancipation, he was a marketable commodity; surely, it is not worse now. Before emancipation, he was brutally treated, scarred, maimed, and murdered with impunity; it is not worse now. Look at this great question as we may, we have reason to thank God, and to lift our voices in songs of thanksgiving along with those of the isles of the sea.

Oh, may God speedily vouchsafe a Jubilee to those who are groaning in captivity on our own soil! Where do we stand before the nations of the earth? What is our character—what is our influence? We are courting and complimenting the autocrat of Russia! Yes, the organ of the present national administration, at Washington, is saying to the world, that America ought to strike hands with Nicholas of Russia, because he does not meddle with American Slavery—the institution is not offensive in his eyes, and we ought to join hands with him, that Slavery may be perpetuated on our soil, and that all Europe and the world may likewise be kept in chains!

Our cause, then, is as broad as the whole earth; and in striking a blow against American Slavery, we strike a blow for the world. The other day, an esteemed friend of mine—a distinguished friend of our cause, too—from England, put into my hand a letter from Mazzini, the leader of the Italian patriots in their struggle to be free (great applause). I will read a portion of that letter.

"My Dear Friend: You go to the United States. You will see Lucretia Mott, Garrison, and others, who, like them, are engaged in the noble task of promoting the abolition of Slavery throughout America. Will you shake hands with them for me, too, and tell them how much I do sympathize with their aim and efforts? Theirs is a noble task: let them pursue it, as old Goethe said, "without haste and without rest," with calmness and constancy, as befits a noble cause—with clement love toward *men*, and unbending adhesion to principles, as befits noble souls: and let them be blessed for all they will achieve or purpose, by all true worshippers of God and Liberty, to whatever land they belong.

"And let them never forget that what makes their struggle a sacred one is, that they fight not for an interest, but for a principle; that the principle is a general one, embracing *all* creatures stamped with the image of God, and blessed with aspiration toward an ideal of truth and goodness; that white Slavery is a sin in the eyes of God, and ought to be in the eyes of men, as negro Slavery; and that while we deeply and openly sympathize with all efforts tending to the emancipation of the latter, they ought to deeply and openly sympathize with us, engaged as we are in a perilous and equally sacred struggle for the emancipation of those millions of white Italians, and other slaves whose voice would be a powerful protest in favour of Abolitionism, were they not deprived of liberty, free utterance of their thoughts, right of associating, self-education, and everything that has been decreed by God for man.

"Let them think that the causes for which we struggle and bleed are one single cause, not only in principle, but in the means of success. Let them, whenever circumstances allow, lift their voice in the defence of oppressed nations in Europe, and help them. Our problem must have a universal solution, or it will have none. The cane of the Austrian corporal must fall together with the whip of the planter, or neither will.

"We are the sections, the regiments of one army: we may be entrusted, by the circumstances under which, or the land in which we live, with distinct operations; but the same banner ought to spread over us all: and we ought, from time to time, to commune on the same ground.

"Tell your friends these things; and remind them that Europe, once free, would not leave them alone in the struggle. Twenty-four millions of emancipated Italians would be twenty-four millions of Abolitionists, tendering support to their American brothers."

I only wish that the noble Mazzini was by our side, that I might say a word or two to him, in reply to his excellent letter. I agree with him most heartily, in saying that the principle of liberty is one the world over; that this is not a struggle for black men merely, nor for Americans, nor for any particular race, but it is a struggle for mankind; that whoever is a true Abolitionist, hates Slavery and oppression in every form throughout the world; and that in any part of the world, he would find a way to bear his testimony against the oppression that existed there.

But then, I say, it is Slavery in our country which makes republicanism a by-word and a proverb among the nations of the old world. We have no power of example. The Abolitionists may testify against Austrian despotism and the aristocracy of Nicholas, and sympathize with prostrate Hungary and Italy—what, then? The taunt will come back to us as a nation, "You are a people who make merchandise of every sixth person on your soil; whereas on the soil of Europe, chattel Slavery is not tolerated." By an edict of the Austrian government, the moment any slave plants his foot on the deck of an Austrian ship, or on the Austrian soil, that moment the Austrian flag protects him as a man (applause). We, therefore, cannot testify against oppression to any purpose, while we have this great over-shadowing system of Slavery, which makes all the oppressions of the earth insignificant in comparison. "Twenty-four millions of emancipated Italians would be twenty-four millions of Abolitionists." Would to God it might be so! Would to God that Italy might be this moment free! But, alas! when men have become free themselves, it has not been usual for them to be very considerate of the rights of others who are not free. Our fathers wanted to be free, and they rose up against the mother country, and made themselves independent. But it did not make them the lovers of liberty on principle; for they were slaveholders at that time, and their descendants are slaveholders yet. For the Abolition of Slavery, therefore, we take out of the way the great stumbling-block in the cause of freedom for mankind; and I tell Mazzini he has the hearts of all Abolitionists (applause). But it is a cheap thing in our country to say anything against Austrian or Russian despotism. When any of our demagogues wish to carry a point, and especially to cover up our infernal system of Slavery, they make a fling at the oppression of England, of France, of Austria, or of Russia. It is all "dog-cheap." We, in taking up the cause of the most despised and most outraged people in the world, have in fact included all others. We can go no deeper. We cannot take in more; it is the world—it is every man—that our cause embraces. "Our country is the world, our countrymen are all mankind." Test is the divine sentiment of Anti-Slavery. Friends, join the Anti-Slavery cause. Join it? Why, surely, there is no man or woman here who stands aloof from it. You are Abolitionists all, are you not? Thoroughgoing Abolitionists, uncompromising Abolitionists. I will not ask you, whether you are *Garrisonian* Abolitionists. For myself, you know I cannot help being one of that kind (great laughter). But only be true to your own nature, and you will be true to the Southern slave—to every man. Then, let us gird up our loins, put our means and forces together, and go forth to the war afresh, and God will ultimately give us a gracious and glorious victory (great applause).

Next came the following

JUBILEE SONG.

AIR—"*Away the Bowl.*"

Our grateful hearts with joy o'erflow,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
We hail the Despot's overthrow,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
No more he'll raise the gory lash,
And sink it deep in human flesh—
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

We raise our song in Freedom's name,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
Her glorious triumph we proclaim,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
Beneath her feet lie Slavery's chains,
Their power to curse no more remains—
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

With joy we'll make the air resound,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
That all may hear the gladsome sound,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
We glory at Oppression's fall,
The Slave has burst his deadly thrall—
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

In mirthful glee we'll dance and sing,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
With shouts we'll make the welkin ring,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
Shout! shout aloud! the bondman's free!
This, this is Freedom's jubilee!
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

The President then said: You will remember, friends, that the speaker who has just addressed us, said—"our cause is broad as the whole earth; it embraces all mankind." I have now the pleasure to announce to you a speaker from that portion of mankind who are not always represented on occasions like this, by their own orators. Mrs. Ernestine L. Rose will now address you (applause).

MRS. ROSE'S SPEECH.

Friends, I can hardly leave this place without raising my voice in unison with those who have spoken here. Indeed the exercises of this celebration would not appear to me complete without having woman raise her voice in this great and noble cause (applause); for when has any good cause been effected without her cooperation? We have been told, to-day, that it was a woman that agitated Great Britain to its very centre before emancipation could be effected in her colonies. Woman must go hand in hand with man in every great and noble cause, if success would be insured.

I love to attend some anniversaries; I think the effect is very beneficial. Many such are celebrated in this country. New England celebrates the anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, and well she may; for when those Pilgrim fathers left their native shores, it was to obtain that civil and religious freedom which was denied them in the mother country; and in so far as the same freedom is desirable for all, it is perfectly right and proper that their descendants should keep the anniversaries of the landing of their ancestors. Thousands attend these anniversaries, I doubt not, with joyful hearts and greatful memories; and though I am not myself an American by birth, and have never had the pleasure of attending such an anniversary, yet my heart is always with those that do, for they hail a day of freedom. But there are other anniversaries kept in this country, one of which I presume you all love to celebrate; and that is the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence. That great and glorious day did not create but gave to the world a great truth—that all men are born free and equal, and are therefore entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. My heart always rejoices in that day, and I never shall forget the emotions I felt when I first witnessed its celebration in this country. It seemed to me as if the sun shone brighter, the birds sang sweeter, the grass grew greener. Everything in nature seemed transformed from deformity to beauty. Ah, were only that great, noble truth of the Declaration of Independence carried out, as it ought to be, there would be no need of our meeting here to-day (applause). Then indeed might we all rejoice when the fourth of July arrives. But whether it is carried out or not, the truth remains the same. Alas! that it should come up in judgment before this great nation! But though I rejoice when that day comes round, I cannot help contrasting, as I sit here to-day, the event which that commemorates with the one which we are met to-day to commemorate. All my feelings and principles are republican; I may say that I am a republican by nature; but in comparison to the liberation of 800,000 slaves, the Declaration of Independence falls into utter insignificance (applause). It falls short, just as theory falls short of practice (applause). There is almost an immeasurable distance between the two. The one was the utterance of a great truth, that will last forever; the other was a practical application of it. How different the results; the Declaration of Independence—has it yet abolished Slavery? But the great act of the emancipation of 800,000 human beings has shown to the world that the African race are not only capable of taking care of themselves, but are capable of enjoying peacefully as much liberty and as much freedom as the white men. Thus it has done far more towards the cause of freedom—towards emancipation from all kinds of Slavery—than the Declaration of Independence did (applause). For in spite of that declaration—in sadness and sorrow do I say it—the United States of America are guilty of outrage and recreancy to their own principles in retaining Slavery: while Great Britain, without that Declaration, having yet a great deal of oppression and tyranny in her midst, has shown a noble example to the world in emancipating all her chattel slaves.

It is utterly impossible for us, as finite beings, with the utmost stretch of the imagination, to conceive the depth and the immensity of the horrors of Slavery. I would that, instead of speaking and listening to-day, we could all sit down in perfect silence and each and every one of us ask ourselves, what is it to be a slave?—what is it to emancipate 800,000 slaves? We have the evil among us, we see it daily and hourly before us; we have become accustomed to it; we talk about it; but do we comprehend it—do we realize it—do we feel it? What is it to be a slave? Not to be your own, bodily, mentally, or morally—that is to be a slave. Aye, even if slaveholders treated their slaves with the utmost kindness and charity; if I were told they kept them sitting upon a sofa all day, and fed them with the best of the land, it is none the less Slavery (applause). For what does Slavery mean? To work hard, to fare ill—to suffer hardship, that is not Slavery; for many of us white men and women have to work hard, have to fare ill, have to suffer hardship, and yet we are not slaves. Slavery is, not to belong to yourself—to be robbed of yourself. There is nothing that I so much abhor as that single thing—to be robbed of one's self. We are our own legitimate masters. Nature has not created masters and slaves; nature has created man free as the air of heaven. The black man and the white are equally the children of nature. The same mother earth has created us all; the same life pervades all; the same spirit ought to animate all. Slavery deprives us of ourselves. The Slave has no power to say, "I will go here, or I will go yonder," the slave cannot say, "my wife, my husband, or my child." He does not belong to himself, and of course cannot claim anything whatever as his own. This is the great abomination of Slavery, that it deprives a man of the common rights of humanity, stamped upon him by his Maker.

Not being a native of this country, I have probably had some different ideas with regard to the workings of Slavery from what many Abolitionists have. I do not belong to any Abolition Society, as our most esteemed friend by my side said he was compelled to belong to the Garrisonian Society (laughter); but with my whole heart, mind and soul I bless him for having been the great and noble voice of humanity in this country for emancipation (applause). I go for emancipation of all kinds—white and black, man and woman. Humanity's children are, in my estimation, all one and the same family, inheriting the same earth; therefore there should be no slaves of any kind among them. There are ties that bind man to man far stronger than the ties of nation—than the political and commercial ties—aye, even stronger than the ties of relationship; and these are the ties of humanity. Humanity, the great mother of all, has thrown around us ties, sympathies and feelings which are more enduring, more effectual, and more noble than any other that have ever bound man to man.

Our friend who has addressed you to-day has mentioned the fact that the opposers of emancipation are fearful that the South will not trade with the North. No greater folly was ever conceived. The South forsake the North! What will they do? Six years ago I was in Columbia, S. C. A Senator, returning from Washington, made a speech there, in which he talked a great deal about Abolitionists and Disunionists of the North. A young lawyer, who boarded at the same hotel where I stopped, came home full of these ideas and commenced a conversation with me on the subject of Slavery; and he was so full that he could hardly find time to express his indignation. "We don't want the North," said he—"we are independent of the North, and we can afford to dissolve the Union to-day." I let him go on for some time, for I knew he would run himself out (laughter). After he had done so, I told him I did not wish to have the Union dissolved; I would like to stick to you because you need us (laughter). I then asked him, "Wherein could you be independent of the North? Who are your teachers and professors? Northern men. Who weaves your cloth and bedsacks you? Northern labourers. Who grows much of the food that nourishes you? Northern men." (Indeed so greatly impoverished is the land in the South, that it is a positive fact that I once saw a cow held up while she was fed (great laughter). "Just remember, my dear sir," said I, "that from your head to your feet you were manufactured as the North directly or indirectly (laughter). From him who first taught you your alphabet to the professor who gave the finish to your education, and taught you to make black appear white, they were all Northern men. Nevertheless, I don't want to see the Union dissolved, for as long as we are united we have an influence over you; indeed you stand so greatly in need of us that I should be very sorry to leave you" (laughter).

Mrs. R. here made an appeal in behalf of the principle of refusing to consume slave products, believing it would have a great tendency to abolish Slavery. Not being able to find a market for their products, the slaveholders would have either to go to work to feed their slaves or free them. And as for working, there was an entire inability on the part of the slaveholder. He was a poor, miserable, inactive, lazy, unfortunate creature, and with all her heart and soul she pitied him (laughter). When I first stepped on slave soil, said she, I read the curse of Slavery upon it. A gentleman once asked me at the South, what I thought on the whole of South Carolina? I told him: "I am sorry to say that you are a century, at least, behind in the means of civilization" (laughter). He wanted to know why I thought so. I said: "The only civilization you have exists among your slaves; for if industry and the mechanical arts are the great criterion of civilization (and I believe they are), then certainly the slaves are the only civilized ones among you, because they do all the work" (laughter). (In Charleston, and Columbia, S. C., the slaves are painters, glaziers, carpenters and masons; in fact, all the trades are filled with slaves. The owners cannot do any kind of manual labour because it is disgraceful, so that everything is done by slaves.) He told me I had to thank my stars for being a woman (laughter). I said I always thanked my stars for being a woman (renewed laughter), but I wanted to know wherein I had to thank my stars in that particular instance. Said he, "Our State has made provision for many cases, but not for all. For instance—when we catch a good Abolitionist we give him a coat of tar and feathers" (laughter). Then I told him that, as for me, I was an Abolitionist in the fullest sense of the word (applause), and be I woman or not, said I, you are so exceedingly lazy and inactive here that I think it would be an act of charity to give you something to do, were it even to give me a coat of tar and feathers (great laughter and applause). To say that he was enraged would express no idea whatever (laughter). Then I said to him, "My dear sir, you have to thank yourself for this altercation; I did not begin it; I knew your weak spot and did not wish to touch it (laughter). You thought that I would be a coward and recreant to my sentiments. I tell you, sir, that if I had never been an Abolitionist before, I would have become one here, and you would have helped to make me one" (applause). Let a Northern man or woman go to the South, and the moment they touch the slave soil they are looked upon as if they had come prepared to steal negroes, and they never will let you alone, no matter how silent you may be; they will commence to draw you out and discover what your principles are. And it is a shame to acknowledge it, they find too many cowards from the North, who are recreant to their own principles; and having succeeded so many times with persons of this character, they think they can always succeed. They think that, for the sake of getting into society and being patronised by the higher classes, you will say, "O, yes, your institutions are the best that can possibly be for your portion of the Union."

It has always appeared to me to be the greatest error and absurdity to suppose that the South is ever going to forsake the North. Where are they to go? It was a sheer political trick, raised for the purpose of making political capital, when our politicians in 1850 raised the cry—which (looking at the reporters present) of course the newspapers had to echo (laughter)—that the Union was in danger. There was not a man of sound sense in the South, I venture to say—and there are many such—that believed it for a moment. It was got up by political gamblers of both sections, for the purpose of making capital. If you could only estimate the immense injury that Slavery does not only to the South but to the North—in fact, the whole world—you would say, "Leave us, if you will; we will willingly give you a passport, if you will rid us of the incumbrance."

Our friend Garrison has repeated to us the many blessings resulting from upright actions. Yes, every act brings its own reward or its own punishment. Every good act produces its own corresponding reward, and every bad act its corresponding punishment. How, then, must not only the South but the North be punished in consequence of that great, immeasurable wrong of Slavery? Oh, the shame and outrage that for one single moment that great blot should be suffered to remain on the otherwise beautiful escutcheon of this republic!

But permit me to say that the slaves of the South are not the only people that are in bondage. All women are excluded from the enjoyment of that liberty which your Declaration of Independence asserts to be the inalienable right of all. The same right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness that pertains to man, pertains to woman also. For what is life without liberty? Which of you here before me would not willingly risk his or her life, if in danger of being made a slave? Emancipation from every kind of bondage is my principle. I go for the recognition of human rights, without distinction of sect, party, sex, or colour (applause).

OTHER SPEECHES.

Mr. J. B. Taft was announced as the next speaker. Not having expected to be called on to occupy the platform, he begged to be excused for labouring under some embarrassment, especially as he was a young man. It might appear singular for one so young to raise his voice in advocacy of human rights. He wished to be permitted to say, as a reason for this, that when he was yet a lad, his mother taught him lessons of humanity, and he then made a vow to enlist in the cause of liberty, and to go against that system of oppression which degrades and crushes three millions of human beings. When he first heard the narrative of Williams read, he wept, and he then made a vow which he hoped to keep till the end of life (applause).

The occasion they were met to commemorate was not one of little interest, and he hoped the time might soon come when they should assemble to commemorate the liberation of the oppressed poor of their own country. If the supporters of the system of Slavery—the popular religion and the politics of the land—would once remove their support, the diabolical system would tumble down immediately. Doctors of Divinity had attempted to prove that the great truth of the Declaration of Independence was a lie But it never could be proved; it was not in the order of God's providence to disprove so grand a truth. For such Doctors he thought the "D. D." would be more appropriately translated "Doctor of Deviltry" (laughter). Just imagine a professing Christian bowing down in the morning before his Maker, and praying that His kingdom might come, and His will be done on earth as in heaven, going the next hour and depositing his ballot in favour of the extension of Slavery, and the execution of that darkest enactment that ever stood upon the statute-book of the nation. It was a mockery to pray, "Thy kingdom come," and then vote to establish the devil's kingdom. Men were so attached to party, that they seemed to consider themselves the property of the party, and were ready to do its bidding, sacrificing every moral principle God had implanted in their hearts. True enough it was, as Douglass said, "they *belonged* to the party."

But the day was breaking; a different state of things was to exist. Parties were being severed. One party was already dead, and the other was likely soon to break to pieces. The next issue before the public would probably be Liberty or Slavery. Then the friends of the slave would have the implements with which to withstand the slave power. The literature of the land was giving indications of a change in public sentiment. The works of Mr. Jay and others were finding their way to the ears of the people. Booksellers, whose only motive for publishing books was profit, were putting forth such works to meet the demand of the public.

In conclusion, Mr. T. desired to state that there were two educational institutions in the land which opened their doors to persons of both sexes and colours—one was at Oberlin, O., and the other at McGrawville, Courtland Co., N. Y. He would say concerning the latter, that it was entirely Anti-Slavery and Anti-Sectarian. It was not necessary to educate men and women to be Baptists or Methodists. They became so easily enough, without going to College. The education which the world stood in need of was an education in the great truths of humanity.

The President said he approved of the College at McGrawville, because it was taking a stand for liberty, and helping on the great work. He next introduced to the audience, Rev. Frederick Crowe, an English missionary for some years at Balize, Central America.

Mr. Crowe said, that this was the first platform that he had stood upon to speak in the United States, and he rejoiced that it was upon such an occasion as this. He was residing at Balize, in British Honduras, on the memorable First of August, when liberty was proclaimed to the Slaves of that Colony. In the dead of the night of the 31st of July, the doors and windows of the Baptist house of worship sent forth a blaze of light. The coloured sons of Africa, bond and free, were assembled to spend that last hour of Slavery in devotional exercises; and when their minister, having his watch before him, announced that the first moment of liberty had commenced, you should have heard the hymn of praise and thanksgiving that ascended to the throne of God from the lips of those people. The next moment they were prostrated in worship, and deep strains of devotion were shouted from the hearts of men who but a few moments before were chattels. The following day was a day of general rejoicing. Since that time these Africans had settled down, most of them procuring for themselves a few acres of land, and become cultivators of the soil. He was apprehensive that the people in this country had been too much accustomed to hear bitter and ungenerous taunts from his countrymen on the subject of Slavery. Great Britain had set a glorious example in liberating her Slaves, but she was not even now entirely free from some of the stains and pollutions with which the great crime of Slavery surrounds itself. He had seen, in some of her Colonies, the workings of a system by which Africans had been sieved on board of British cruisers and liberally distributed by the government officials among the different families who had favour at Court, and made to undergo a period of Slavery—made to labour for those who undertook to clothe and feed them for a definite number of years. But this was not all. The most promising and vigorous young men amongst them were generally selected and marched off to the garrison or barracks, and there enlisted as volunteers for a period varying from perhaps twenty to thirty years, and were thus transferred from plantation to military Slavery. In this way men who could not generally speak a word of English, were supposed to volunteer their services. During this service they could not marry without the permission of their officers. He had known instances of great distress, where pious young men had been refused the liberty to contract marriage. It was the cause of great licentiousness and demoralization in the communities where these military slaves are kept. This was another form of Slavery. It was sad to think that all the nations of the earth were more or less contaminated by this form of Slavery. The work in which Abolitionists were engaged embraced the whole human family. It was founded in justice, truth and righteousness. There was no doubt that while one particle of Slavery remained it would be abused. It had its origin in the inherent depravity of the human heart. But whatever might be his own religious views, he felt justified in working in the same cause with men of the most opposite religious sentiments—aye, even with the sorcerers of Egypt and Pharaoh himself—to bring about immediate emancipation (applause).

Dr. O. H. Wellington was next introduced to the audience. The object he had in taking the platform was to read a letter from Dr. Samuel Willard, of Deerfield, Mass., in reply to an invitation to attend this celebration, and to state a few facts concerning that most worthy man. About the time of the division between those known as Trinitarian and Unitarian congregationalists in New England, the parishioners at Deerfield saw fit to invite Mr. Willard to be their pastor. The day was fixed for his ordination and a council was called to ordain him. They met and examined him as to the soundness of his theology. The time of meeting was fixed at 10 o'clock, and the turkies were to be ready to be eaten at 2 or 3. They catechised Mr. Willard and, according to their ideas, he was not sound in the faith—he did not answer affirmatively to the test question. The dinner hour arrived, and yet he had not answered the question to their satisfaction. The dinner was eaten, and they assembled again; but the sun went down, and the question was not answered; and it was not till the next day that the council adjourned, deciding that he was not a proper man to be the minister of the parish of Deerfield. But so the parish did not think, and they accordingly sent and invited a council that they knew would ordain him, and he was ordained. The clergy of the vicinity, hearing of this, delegated one of their number, whom they thought most efficient in powers of persuasion, to argue with him, convince him of his error and bring him into the true fold. The two men were a long time closeted together in earnest, friendly argument and in fervent prayer; and when that eloquent and persuasive man, who was sent to turn his brother from his error, came out of his house, instead of having accomplished his mission, he was himself converted to the views which he attempted to combat. That worthy pastor at Deerfield was now 77 years of age, and for twenty of the last years of his life had been totally blind. Still there was no man, perhaps, who, in the year 1838 (the time when the apprenticeship system was abolished), knew so much of the condition of the emancipated slaves in the West Indies as Dr. Willard, or whose heart was more moved towards them than his. At midnight, on the 31st of July, 1838, the following hymn, composed by his daughter, was sung around the family altar.

A voice of joy, a rapturous sound,
Comes pealing o'er the distant sea;
It speaks the prisoner's chain unbound,
The fetters burst, the captive free!

The slave may lift his chainless hand,
Assert at length his equal birth,
Beside his brother freely stand,
A man upon his Maker's earth.

O, happy England! thou art free;
Thy children sigh in chains no more;
At home, and on the fair blue sea,
The plague of Slavery is o'er.

But thou, Columbia! who could see
Of freedom's boon the peerless worth,
How can'st thou longer brook to be,
A blot upon the beauteous earth?

Rise, O my country, cleanse thy hands
From these foul stains that dim thee so;
Unbind oppression's iron bands,
And lay the tyrant, Slavery, low. (Applause.)

The [illegible] August, at the church, together with several other original hymns composed for the occasion; addresses were made by J. N. Saxton, of Boston, and Dr. Willard, and resolutions passed.

The letter of Dr. Willard was then read, in reply to the invitation to attend this celebration. It stated that neither the weight of 77 years, nor the total darkness in which he had been involved for more than twenty years, could prevent him from attendance were he not discouraged and restrained by considerations more imperatively dissuasive. He had regarded the 1st of August, since the year 1838, as the most interesting of our national—yes, of all modern-anniversaries. It had decided the practicability and propriety of immediate emancipation; for if that great historic event had not been followed by all the happy consequences which might be desired, it had demonstrated the fitness of the transaction; for the results had been far more successful than could have been reasonably anticipated by any one who foresaw the combined and persevering obstructions which had been thrown in the way by those who were determined to realize all the evils, all the frightful calamities which had been predicted by the enemies of freedom. It was with deep mortification and grief that he had observed a general conspiracy of the American Press and the politicions of the country, to keep the people in ignorance in regard to the operations of freedom in the British West Indies; and he was shocked at the course pursued by the American church and clergy, with few exceptions, in regard to Slavery.

Dr. Wellington then stated that he had had the pleasure, during the last three months, to have in his family a clergyman having charge of the largest Methodist church in the Island of Jamaica, and also a merchant from the same island, who was said to be one of the largest dealers there. From both these gentlemen he had repeatedly received the most unqualified assertions that emancipation had been in every respect favourable to the slave.

Mr. Rowland Johnson then addressed a few words to the audience, urging the necessity of doing something practical to promote the cause of emancipation. It might seem discouraging to the friends of the cause to attempt to work in this great emporium of cotton bales, but he hoped they would be able to penetrate them and shed the light of Anti-Slavery upon the people. He felt assured that on subsequent celebrations of this day there would be ten, and perhaps, a hundred, to one now present, who would congregate for that purpose. He urged the duty of extending the circulation of the *Anti-Slavery Standard* and other Anti-Slavery newspapers.

Mr. Oliver Johnson said he came not exactly as "a Roland for an Oliver," but as an Oliver after a Roland (laughter). He would not detain the audience long, after they had been sitting and listening so patiently and long that they must be quite wearied. But he wished to state that the New York Anti-Slavery Society had employed a reporter, at considerable expense, upon this occasion, and they intended to print a full report in the next number of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*. He would be glad, therefore, if those present would feel interest enough in the speeches that had been delivered, to become subscribers to that paper, or at least to take copies of it and circulate them among their friends.

He believed that all would unite in the sentiment that they had had a good celebration to-day. It had been got up under many discouragements, and in great haste; many were detained from being present on account of the inclemency of the weather, who would otherwise have gladly come. Nevertheless there was a goodly number in attendance, and the meeting had been characterized by a strong and earnest Anti-Slavery spirit (applause).

And now, friends, the 1st of August comes but once a year, and it has occurred to me that it might be well at the close of this celebration to ask you whether, if you shall live to see another anniversary, and the Society which has arranged this festival shall be then in existence, you can heartily recommend that Society to come to this place again and celebrate the event once more? In Massachusetts, where the Anti-Slavery cause was first launched, the celebration of the 1st of August and that of the 4th of July have become established institutions. The Abolitionists of Massachusetts always know, without waiting for a public announcement, that these days are to be celebrated by the friends of the cause somewhere, and the places of meeting have become almost fixed in perpetuity, as it were, at Abington and Framingham. Now, it seems to me that this grove is a fitting place for our celebration. It is contiguous to New York, easy of access, and every way attractive: and here is this commodious building, to be used in case of sudden rain. We do not know where else to look for so good a place for such a celebration. I would therefore express the hope that the New York City Anti-Slavery Society may live long enough, not merely to establish itself firmly in the hearts of all true lovers of freedom, but also to establish this annual celebration in this place or in some other that may be found to be more convenient and commodious (a voice—amen!)—that it may establish it as a permanent institution—at least as permanent as Slavery. We must keep this day as long as there is any occasion for keeping it. I will therefore propose the following resolution:

Resolved, That this meeting, thankful for the privilege of attending this celebration, expresses the opinion that the New York City Anti Slavery Society would do well to continue the celebration of the same event in the same place in years to come.

The resolution was adopted unanimously.

Mr. Thomas Van Rensselaer (coloured) said that he had the honour of getting up the first celebration of West India Emancipation that was ever held in this country. It was in 1834, when they first heard that England had put forth an edict that Slavery should cease after a certain time throughout the British dominions. His heart leapt for joy, and he felt as if the friends of liberty should in some way or other express their feelings in view of the great event. Accordingly, they hired the Broadway Tabernacle, and he had the honour of soliciting Mr. Garrison to come and address the assembly. They had a glorious meeting.

It was the most astonishing thing to him in the world, that the American people could not comprehend the fact that liberty and equality belonged to the coloured as well as the white race, and it was with mingled feelings of shame and indignation that he felt called upon to argue the fitness of the coloured man for freedom. The American shipping interest was most strongly opposed to emancipation, and it had grossly misrepresented the results of emancipation in Jamaica. Men upon a return voyage from Jamaica would pretend to write about what they had seen of free labour in the West Indies, and the cotton newspapers were eager to publish such accounts to please the South. The reason why the coloured men were not understood by the whites was, that they had been so badly treated; it was a common principle of human nature that if a man does injustice to another, he never can make himself believe that the injured man will forget him for that wrong. Hence it was that the coloured man was thrust aside and despised. Mr. Van Rensselaer believed that it would have been better at this day for the coloured race of this country if the Declaration of Independence had never been put forth, and the colonies had not severed themselves from the mother country.

Mr. V. W. Wilkins (coloured) did not believe there was a single white man who had lived in this country ten days who believed in any such idea as that the coloured men were not prepared for freedom. They all knew better. The truth was, the white men knew too well that the moment they put their seal to the declaration that the coloured men could safely be made free, they would have to go to work themselves. Many of the whites at the South were too lazy to work, and if left to themselves would starve to death. He once knew a lady in the South, who owned a great many slaves, and was considered to be a lady of great abilities and talent. But of all the creatures that the sun ever shone upon, he thought she was the laziest (laughter). It seemed really as if she was too lazy to eat (laughter). One day she was sitting at the window with one arm over the sill, when there came up a sudden shower. The rain fell upon her arm, and she cried out—"Mary! Mary! come here!" Mary came running to her and asked, "What is the matter?" "Why, pull my arm in; it is getting wet" (great laughter). "Suppose you move your chair, Missus; your arm would then come in." "Oh! I never thought of that," said she (laughter). So she moved her chair, and of course her arm followed. They said the coloured man could not take care of himself, when the truth was, the whites were not able to do it, and many Southern families required from half a dozen to fifteen slaves to wait upon and support them in perfect idleness.

MR. GARRISON'S CONCLUDING ADDRESS.

Mr. Garrison—I have been kindly requested, by your Chairman, to give you a parting word. You have been called upon for contributions to our cause. I desire to say, that we shall greatly err if we suppose that we do any specially meritorious act in thus aiding it. No man really does give anything to it—no man can give anything to it. Of all those who have undertaken to identify themselves with the cause, no matter what they may have done in it or for it, no matter what sacrifices they may have made, no matter what property they may have contributed towards its onward movement, they have been richly compensated. I mean, they have made themselves better men; have elevated and purified their own spirits; have obtained more rational and higher views of God, man, and nature; have made themselves world-wide, instead of narrow and sectional. Again I say, we cannot give anything to this cause. "We are debtors," said Paul of old, "both to the Jew and to the Greek." We, white americans, are debtors to the coloured population, whether bond or free. We have hated them without a cause. We have been educated to despise and oppress them. We have helped to make their condition hard and unsupportable. We, therefore, have a debt to pay; and when I do anything for the cause, I feel that I am endeavouring to settle an old account. If I contribute anything, it is not as a gift, but rather as paying interest on the debt. I only lament that I cannot pay more, and that I am not able to make a better sacrifice for the cause. Besides, this movement is not one strictly pertaining to the slaves at the South. We have no country ourselves. Talk of the American Constitution, of the American Union, of the star-spangled banner—what is it all to you or to me? In the immediate presence of the Slave Power, we are all as dead men. This meeting—could it be held in Carolina, in Alabama, in Georgia, in one half of our country? Should we not have been subjected, long ere this, to the Lynch code? Have we any freemen in our land? Not one. There is no man who can or who dare go through the length and breadth of this country, with the words of freedom on his lips, denouncing Slavery as a sin against God; or, if there be, on making the call, he will be sure to find a martyr's grave. If we pity the slave, and make his case ours, we are with him prostrated under the power of Slavery. We may invoke the American flag in vain to wave over and protect us—it waves only for the protection of Slavery and slaveholders. Therefore, we are contributing for our own liberty, as well as for that of those who are in bonds on the southern plantations.

Allow me to illustrate, briefly, the folly of

Miscellaneous Department.

JOSEPH TRAIN.

While visiting the west of Scotland at the end of last year, a casual passage in Lockhart's life of Scott recalled to my memory the worthy old antiquary, Mr. Train. I soon learned that Mr. Train, thus recalled to my remembrance, was actually living in retired old age in Castle Douglas. He had been a long time in the Excise: in Scotland it would seem rather a favourite reward of genius. Few men deserved better of modern literature; for it was to him Scott owed, not only many a good story, and many a strange tradition, but he suggested the subject of Guy Mannering, and to something which he dropped in conversation with him, we owe the machinery of the Tales of my Landlord. These are facts to make a man notable: but Train was a notable man in essential character. Although born to narrow fortune, he was bent on acquiring knowledge for its own sake. After glancing at his personal history, I shall describe what kind of old man he was when I penetrated to his retreat. The facts of his life I derive from a memoir of him prefixed to his History of the Isle of Man, and from a sketch in the Dumfries *Courier*, published on the occasion of his death last December.

Train was a native of Ayrshire—the son of a land steward there—and was early apprenticed to some "mechanical occupation," which the author of the memoir does not particularise. He was, from his childhood, studious; and, in the way of gathering knowledge, omnivorous, but with a strong bent towards everything antiquarian. Train appears to have begun life as a private in the Ayrshire Militia. The commander, Sir David Hunter Blair, one day entered a bookseller's shop in a town where the regiment was stationed: on the table Currie's edition of Burns just out, and price one pound eleven shillings and sixpence, was lying. It had been specially ordered, the bookseller said, for a private in his own corps. We may suppose the laird's surprise, for in those days a reading plebeian was looked upon as a learned pig. Sir David got the volumes handsomely bound, and presented them to young Train. But this was not all. He looked about for a provision for him, and (Burns being a case in point), got him, in 1808, into the Excise.

The life of an exciseman was in those days a venturesome career; he scoured the country, wet and dry, and having brought the chase to bay, had to fight. Train discharged his duty faithfully, first in Ayrshire, then in Wigtonshire. But in all his wanderings, there was one object never neglected—the tubs once fairly attended to, Joseph Train could gratify the passion of his heart, and wherever he was

> 'Twixt Wigton and the town of Ayr,
> Port-Patrick and the Cruives of Cree,

or wherever else, the antiquities of the country were the object of his love and his labour. A wandering beggar who could roll out a bit of a ballad; an old woman with a ghost story, a boy who had found a bit of some old brass instrument, strange to modern Gallovidian eyes, were the visitors dear to Joseph. He left the village club and the schoolmaster's jokes at the village public-house, to go off and disturb the jackdaws among the ruins of some old castle, with a half recognisable fosse. This was no idle *dilettante* curiosity. In the dead forms, he loved the memory of the old life. It was natural therefore that he should aspire to create; and, in 1814, he published the "Strains of a Mountain Muse."

Scott was now in the height of his poetical reputation, and his still greater day was dawning, for his poetical fame set into sunrise when the Waverley light broke. The influence of Scott is visible in the Strains, which do not indeed display much original power, or much culture. They are all illustrative of the old country traditions. Elcinede Aggart begins with great spirit:

> "Why gallops the palfrey with Lady Dunure?
> Who takes away Turnberry's kine from the shore?
> Go tell it in Carrick and tell it in Kyle,
> Although the proud Dons are now passing the Moil.
> On this magic clow,
> That in Fairyland grew,
> Old Elcine de Aggart has taken in hand,
> To wind up their lives ere they win to our strand."

The volume chanced to be printed at Ballantyne's office; and was in the press at the same time with Waverley. Scott took up one of the proofs, casually, in November, 1814; saw, probably with most interest, that the Poems by Joseph Train were to have Notes illustrative of traditions in Galloway and Ayrshire, and at once wrote to the author "begging to be included," says Mr. Lockhart, "in his list of subscribers for a dozen copies." A vast deal turned on the proof picked up casually. It happened to be the very one with Elcine de Aggart on it! Two [illegible] the antiquarian heart, so different in culture, history, social position, and genius, were all at once brought into relation, and a bridge thrown across the chasm of distance at once. Fortune had been preparing and developing Train into just the man for Sir Walter, whom she was nobly ripening for higher works. Train could scarcely know to what point the results of his studies were to be directed. He had followed, however, a tasteful instinct—and chance helped him. Like the fisherman in the Arabian Nights, he cast in his net with common hopefulness, and found that he was destined to aid a Genie.

"Ere long," says Mr. Lockhart, "Mr. Train visited Scott both at Edinburgh and at Abbotsford. A true affection continued ever afterwards to be maintained between them; and this generous ally was—as the prefaces to the Waverley novels signify—one of the earliest confidants of that series of works and certainly the most efficient of all the author's friends in furnishing him with materials for their composition."

Train readily accepted the office of purveyor to his literary Majesty. He swept hill, glen, and dale, from the Nith to the Irish Sea, from the Ayrshire border to the Solway, for the rarest flowers of tradition, and laid them at the master's feet. Train knew, too, that in serving Sir Walter, he served the cause of the Antiquity which was so dear to him. The services he rendered to Sir Walter (and to us) may be summed up thus:

Guy Mannering is a Galloway story: and Train supplied a sheaf of traditions towards its creation. The smuggler, Dirk Hatterick, was taken from one Yawkins, a fellow famous on the Solway. The incident of the kidnapped heir happened to the old family of Brown of Carstaith—now extinct in the male line. Old Mortality owed much to Train. In May, 1816, he breakfasted with Sir Walter in Edinburgh, and talked with him of a portrait that hung in the room—that of Graham of Claverhouse. "Might he not," said Train, "be made the hero of a national romance?" Scott assented. "And what," resumed Mr. Train, "if the story was to be delivered as from the mouth of old Mortality." "Old Mortality?" said Scott. "Who was he!" Train answered him; and then Sir Walter remembered that he had seen him. On this occasion Train left, with a promise to inquire every particular concerning that strange old mortal, the editor of epitaphs. And to something else in this strange conversation, about a schoolmaster in Newton Stewart, it is supposed that we are indebted for Jedediah Cleishbotham. Train also gave Sir Walter materials for Rob Roy, and a purse that had belonged to him; and for legends which he gathered, relating to Turnberry Castle, the Lord of the Isles stood his debtor also. He was, in short, constantly bringing tribute, large and small, to his feudal lord; he "held of him," to use a feudal expression; and enjoyed his tenure of literary life by right of his payments of homage.

Train led a two-sided life; on one side he was an antiquary and poet—on the other, he was an exciseman. And it is very satisfactory to have to record that Train was not only a good antiquary, but likewise a good supervisor; he drew up an essay which benefited the whole system! It would be pleasant to record that his abilities benefited himself. But promotion came slowly. He had Sir Walter Scott's and other high interest, and his own merit; but it was complained that Englishmen were chiefly appointed to the higher stations, and it is not recorded that Train had any talent in the way of electioneering. Hence, he remained supervisor until he went on the retired list, and ended his days in Castle Douglas.

His antiquarian deeds were numerous and important. He traced an ancient wall, built, it is thought, by the aborgines, from Lochryan, in Wigtonshire, to the north-east border of the Stewartry of Kircudbright, where it joins Nithsdale. This wall the country people call the Deil's Dyke; it consists of a strong wall eight feet broad, the base of which is built of stones, or where stones were not to be had, of earth. Its course extends to more than fifty-three miles. "All the late antiquarian discoveries in Scotland sink into insignificance," exclaims George Chalmers, "compared with the Deil's Dyke!" They know not who built it, but conjecture that the Romanized Britons raised it; and their labours, poor fellows, go to the credit of the "Deil." Train's most important literary work was his History of the Isle of Man. It was to a pleasant retirement that he withdrew in the town of Castle Douglas, in Kircudbright: a white, regular, neat little town, which, for the last half-century, has been rising in position in the Stewartry, and which is now an agricultural mart of considerable importance.

At my visit I was shown into a little parlour, where the antiquary joined me. He was a tall old man, with an autumnal red in his face, hale-looking, and of simple, quaint manners. The room was full of antiquities—here a rude weapon of the aboriginal Celt, or one of the conquering Roman; there a baptismal font from Wigton monastery, with the *fleurs-de-lis* faintly visible on it, marking its foreign origin. In the corner was a stately, white-headed, yellow staff, which belonged to John Knox, or at least had a very good pedigree, and one which, as it satisfied Train, satisfied your humble servant. I have never seen a more venerable staff: it was stiff, sober, yet elegant; all that a Puritan gentleman could require. This staff, thought I, had strength in it to destroy abbeys, and to make the work of centuries shake. Near the staff was a modern and homely relic—a pair of substantial cloth boots that had been worn by Sir Walter Scott. Having replaced them, he produced a specimen of oaken bookbinding curiously carved. He was not very talkative; perhaps—though I little thought so at the time—he felt the cold shadow creeping towards him which was to make him one with his beloved Past. Once or twice, as he stood and gave the brief history of a curiosity, a dreamy look came over him a minute: he seemed wandering into the period of the object he was discoursing on. But his eye brightened, and there was a pleasure mingled in his modest disclaimer when I spoke to him of his life-long pursuits, and the interest with which I told him I should speak of my present visit to men whose names he held in regard.

He showed me his curious specimens of ancient furniture, part of a bed from Thrieve Castle—a black oak fabric, curiously carved with morrice-dancers, Runic knobs, and most quaint horses drawn as children draw them. Also, he had a cabinet of oak which a Gorden of Earlston carved away at, and worked into wonderous forms, during an imprisonment in Blackness Castle.

I returned to London soon after this visit, and it was not without a shock that the quiet old house with its antiquities and their owner was recalled to me amidst the din of town, when I heard that, one morning in December, after a short illness, he turned himself round in his bed, and expired in perfect peace, in his seventy-fourth year.—*Household Words.*

The *Westminster Review* says that the following sketch by Thackeray is surpassed by nothing in the *Spectator*. It was a contribution to *Punch*, and has not yet been re-published, with his other works, in this country.

ON A GOOD-LOOKING YOUNG LADY.

Some time ago I had the fortune to witness, at the house of Erminia's brother, a rather pretty and affecting scene; whereupon, as it is my custom, I would like to make a few remarks.

I must premise that I knew Erminia's family long before the young lady was born. Victoria, her mother, Boa, her aunt, Chinchilla, her grandmother—I have been intimate with every one of these ladies, and at the table of Sabilla, her married sister, with whom Erminia lives, have a cover laid for me whenever I choose to ask for it.

Everybody who has once seen Erminia remembers her. Fate is beneficent to the man before whose eyes, at the park, or churches, or theatres, or public or private assemblies, it throws Erminia. To see her face is a personal kindness, for which one ought to be thankful to fortune: who might have shown you Caprella, with her whiskers, or Felissa, with her savage eyes, instead of the calm and graceful, the tender and beautiful Erminia.

When she comes into the room, it is like a beautiful air of Mozart breaking upon you; when she passes through a ball-room, everybody turns and asks who is that princess, that fair lady?

Even the women, especially those who are the most beautiful themselves, admire her. By one of those kind freaks of favouritism which nature takes, she has endowed this young lady with almost every kind of perfection; has given her a charming face, a perfect form, a pure heart, a fine perception, and a wit, a pretty sense of humour, a laugh and a voice as sweet as music to hear, for innocence and tenderness rings in every accent, and a grace of movement which is a curiosity to watch, for in every attitude of motion or repose, her form moves or settles into beauty, so that a perpetual grace accompanies her. I have before said that I am an old fogy. On the day when I leave off admiring I hope I shall die. To see Erminia is not to fall in love with her; there are some women too handsome, as it were, for that; and I would as soon think of making myself miserable because I could not marry the moon, and make the silver-bowed Goddess Diana Mrs. Pacifico, as I should think of having any personal aspirations towards Miss Erminia.

Well, then, it happened, the other day, that this almost peerless creature, on a visit to the country, met that great poet, Timotheus, whose habitation is not far from the country house of Erminia's friend, and who, upon seeing the young lady, felt for her that admiration which every man of taste experiences upon beholding her, and which, if Mrs. Timotheus had not been an exceedingly sensible person, would have caused a great jealousy between her and the great bard, her husband. But, charming and beautiful herself, Mrs. Timotheus can even pardon another woman for being so; nay, with perfect good sense, though probably with a *little* factitious enthusiasm, she professes to share to its fullest extent the admiration of the illustrious Timotheus for the young beauty.

After having made himself well acquainted with Erminia's perfections, the votary of Apollo and leader of the tuneful choir did what might be expected from such a poet under such circumstances, and began to sing. This is the way which Nature has provided that poets should express their emotions. When they see a beautiful creature, they straightway fall to work with their ten syllables and eight syllables, with duty rhyming to beauty, vernal to eternal, riddle to fiddle, or what you please, and turn out to the best of their ability, and with great pains and neatness on their own part, a copy of verses in praise of the adorable object. I myself may have a doubt about the genuineness of the article produced, or of the passion which vents itself in this way, for how can a man who has to assert carefully his tunes and sighs, to make his epithets neat and melodious, to hunt here and there for rhymes, and to bite the tip of his pen, or pace the gravel walk in front of his house, searching for ideas—I doubt, I say, how a man who must go through the above process before turnout a decent set of verses, can be actuated by such strong feelings as you and I, when, in the day of our youth, with no particular preparations but with our hearts full of manly ardour, and tender, respectful admiration, went to the Saccharissa for the time being, we poured out our souls at her feet.

This sort of eloquence comes spontaneously; that poetry doesn't require rhyme-jingling and metre-sorting, but rolls out of you, you don't know how, as much, perhaps, to your own surprise as to that of the beloved object whom you address. In my time, I know, whenever I began to make verses about a woman, it was when my heart was no longer very violently smitten about her, and the verses were a sort of mental dram and artificial stimulus with which a man worked himself up to represent enthusiasm and perform passion. Well, well; I see what you mean; I am jealous of him. Timotheus's verses were beautiful, that's the fact—confound him!—and I wish I could write as well, or half as well indeed, or do anything to give Erminia pleasure. Like an honest man and faithful servant, he went and made the best thing he could, and laid this offering at Beauty's feet. What can a gentleman do more? My dear Mrs. Pacifico here remarks that I never made her a copy of verses. Of course not, my love. I am not a verse-making man, nor are you that sort of object—that sort of target, I may say—at which, were I poet, I would choose to discharge those winged shafts of Apollo.

When Erminia got the verses and read them, she laid them down, and, with one of the prettiest and most affecting emotions which I ever saw in my life, she began to cry a little. The verses of course were full of praises of her beauty. "They all tell me that," she said; "nobody cares for anything but that," cried the gentle and sensitive creature, feeling within that she had a thousand accomplishments, attractions, charms which her hundred thousand lovers would not see, whilst they were admiring her mere outward figure and head-piece.

I once heard another lady, "*de par le monde*," as honest Des Bordeilles says, who, after looking at her plain face in the glass, said, beautifully and pathetically, "I am sure I should have made a good wife to any man, if he could have got over my face!" and bewailing her maidenhood in this touching and artless manner, saying that she had a heart full of love, if anybody would accept it—full of faith and devotion, could she but find some man on whom to bestow it. She but echoed the sentiment which I have mentioned above, and which caused, in the pride of her beauty, the melancholy of the lonely and victorious beauty.

"We are full of truth and kindness, ye men!" each says, "of truth and purity. We don't care about your good looks. Could we but find the right man, the man who loved us for ourselves, we would endow him with all the treasure of our hearts, and devote our lives to make him happy." I admire and reverence Erminia's tears, and the simple heart-stricken plaint of the other forsaken lady. She is Jeptha's daughter, condemned for no fault of her own, but doomed by fate to disappear from among women. The other is a queen in her splendour, to whom all the lords and princes bow down and pay worship. "Ah!" says he, "it is to the queen you are kneeling, all of you. I am a woman under this crown and ermine. I want to be loved and not to be worshipped; and to be allowed to love is given to everybody but me."

How much finer a woman's nature is than a man's (by an ordinance of nature for the purpose no doubt devised), how much purer and less sensual than ours, is a fact so consoling to misshapen men, to ugly men, to little men, to giants, to old men, to poor men, to men scarred with the small pox, or even so ungainly or unfortunate, that their ill looks or mishaps don't influence women regarding them, and that the awkwardest fellow has a chance for a prize. Whereas, when we, brutes that we are, enter into a room, we sidle up naturally to the prettiest woman. It is the pretty face and figure which attract us. It is not virtue or merit, or mental charms, be they ever so great.

When one reads the fairy tale of Beauty and the Beast, no one is at all surprised at Beauty's being moved by Beast's gallantry, devotion and true-heartedness, and rewarding him with her own love at last. There was hardly any need to make him a lovely young prince, in a gold dress, under his horn and bearskin. Beast he was, but good Beast, loving Beast, brave, affectionate, upright, generous, enduring Beast, who would have loved his ugly mug without any attraction at all. It is her nature to do so, God bless her. It was a man made the story, one of those two-penny, half-penny men-milliner moralists, who think that to have a handsome person and a title are the greatest gifts of fortune, and that a man is not complete unless he is a lord and has glazed boots. Or, it may have been that the transformation alluded to did not actually take place, but was only spiritual and in Beauty's mind, and that, seeing before her loyalty, bravery, truth and devotion, they became in her eyes lovely, and that she hugged her Beast with a perfect contentment to the end.

When ugly Wilkes said that he was only quarter of an hour behind the handsomest man in England, meaning that the charms of his conversation would make him in that time, at a lady's side, as agreeable and fascinating as a beau, what a compliment he paid the whole sex! How true it is (not, of course, applicable to you, my dear reader and lucky dog, who possess both wit and the most eminent personal attractions, but of the world in general) we look for beauty, women for love.

So fair Erminia, dry your beautiful eyes, and submit to your lot, and to that adulation which all men pay you: in the midst of which court of yours the sovereign must perforce be lonely. That solitude is a condition of your life, my dear young lady, which many would like to accept: nor will your dominion last much longer than my lord Francomb's let us say, at the Mansion House, whom time and the inevitable November will depose.

Another potentate will ascend his throne; the toast master will proclaim another name than his, and the cup will be pledged to another health.

As with Xerxes and all his courtiers and army at the end of a few years, as with the flowers of the field, as with Lord Farncomb, so with Erminia. Were I Timotheus of the tuneful choir, I might follow out this simile between lord mayors and beauties, and with smooth rhymes and quaint antitheses make a rose-offering to my fair young lady. But, madame, your faithful Pacifico is not a poet, only a composer, and it is in truth and not in numbers that he admires you.

ADVENTURE OF A QUAKER VESSEL.

The principle upheld by the Society of Friends, that armed violence must on no account be employed, is usually regarded as totally unfit to be acted upon in practical affairs. Yet it is a doctrine to which we have a warm side, and we therefore have been much pleased to find that it was, at least, on one occasion, acted upon beneficially. In the reign of Charles II., a Quaker merchant vessel, with a master and mate of that persuasion, but manned by ordinary persons, was returning from Venice, when it was taken by a band of Turkish pirates. To pursue a narrative, quoted in Mr. Hunt's *Indicator*, from Sewell's History of the Quakers:

The second night after, the captain of the Turks and one of his company being gone to sleep in the cabin with the master, the mate—whose name was Thomas Lurting—persuaded one to lie in his cabin, and about an hour after another in another cabin; and at last, it raining very much, he persuaded them all to lie down and sleep; and when they were all asleep, he, coming to them, fairly got their arms into his possession. This being done, he told his men: "Now we have the Turks at our command, no man shall hurt any of them, for if ye do, I will be against you; but this we will do, now they are under deck, we will keep them so, and go for Majorca." Now, having ordered some to keep the doors, they steered their course to Majorca, and they had such a strong gale that in the morning they were near to it. Then he ordered his men, if any offered to come out, not to let above one or two at a time; and when one came out, expecting to have seen his own country, he was not a little astonished, instead thereof, to see Majorca. Then the mate said to his men: "Be careful of the door; for when he goes in, we shall see what they will do; but have a care not to spill blood." The Turk being gone down, and telling his comrades what he had seen, and how they were going to Majorca, they, instead of rising, all fell a crying, for their courage was quite sunk; and they begged that they might not be sold. This the mate promised them, and said they should not. And when he had appeased them, he went into the cabin to the master, who knew nothing of what was done, and gave him an account of a sudden change, and how they had overcome the Turks. Which, when he understood, he told their captain: "That the vessel was now no more in their possession, but in his again; and that they were going to Majorca." At this unexpected news the captain wept, and desired the master not to sell him; which he promised he would not. Then they told him, also, they would make a place to hide them in, that the Spaniards* coming aboard should not find them. And so they did accordingly, at which the Turks were very glad. Being come into the port of Majorca, the master, with four men, went ashore, and left the mate on board with ten Turks. The master, having finished his business, returned on board, not taking license, lest the Spaniards should come and see the Turks; but another English master, being an acquaintance, lying there also with his ship, came at night on board, and, after some discourse, they told him what they had done, under promise of silence, lest the Spaniards should come and take away the Turks. But he broke his promise, and would have had two or three of the Turks, to have brought them to England. His design then being seen, his demand was denied; and seeing he could not prevail, he said to Pattison and his mate: "That they were fools, because they would not sell the Turks, which were each worth two or three hundred pieces of eight." But they told him: "That if they would give many thousands, they should not have one, for they hoped to send them home again; and to sell them," the mate said, "he would not have done for the whole island." The other master then coming ashore, told the Spaniards what he knew of this, who then threatened to take away the Turks. But Pattison and his mate having heard this, called out the Turks, and said to them: "Ye must help us, or the Spaniards will take you from us." To this the Turks, as one may easily guess, were very ready, and so they quickly got out to sea: and the English, to save the Turks, put themselves to the hazard of being overcome again; for they continued hovering several days, because they would not put into any port of Spain, for fear of losing the Turks, to whom they gave liberty for four or five days, until they made an attempt to rise; which the mate perceiving, he prevented, without hurting any of them, though he once laid hold of one. Yet, generally, he was so kind to them, that some of his men grumbled, and said: "He had more care for the Turks than for them." To which his answer was: "They were strangers, and therefore he must treat them well." At length, after several occurrences, the mate told the master: "That he thought it best to go to the coast of Barbary, because they were then likely to miss their men-of-war." To this the master consented. However, to deceive the Turks, they sailed to and fro for several days; for in the daytime they were going to Algiers, but when night came they steered the contrary way, and went back again, by which means they kept the Turks in ignorance, so as to be quiet.

But on the ninth day, being all upon deck, when none of the English were there but the master, his mate, and the man at the helm, they began to be so untoward and haughty, that it rose in the mate's mind: "What if they should lay hold on the master, and cast him overboard!" for they were ten lusty men, and he but a little man. This thought struck him with terror; but recollecting himself, he stamped with his foot, and the men coming up, one asked for the crow, and another for the axe, to fall on the Turks; but the mate bade them not to hurt the Turks, and said: "I will lay hold on their captain;" which he did; for having heard them threaten the master, he stepped forward, and laying hold of the captain, said he must go down, which he did very quietly, and all the rest followed him. Two days after, being come on the coast of Barbary, they were, according to what the Turks said, about fifty miles from Algiers, and six from land; and in the afternoon it fell calm. But how to set the Turks on shore was not yet resolved upon. The mate saw well enough that he being the man who had begun this business, it would be his lot also to bring it to an end. He then acquainted the master that he was willing to carry the Turks on shore; but how to do this safely, he as yet knew not certainly; for to give them the boat was too dangerous, for then they might get men and arms, and so come and retake the ship with its own boat; and to carry them on shore with two or three of the ship's men, was also a great hazard, because the Turks were ten in number; and to put one half on shore was no less dangerous; for then they might raise the country, and so surprise the English when they came with the other half. In this great strait, the mate said to the master: "If he would let him have the boat and three men to go with him, he would venture to put the Turks on shore." The master, relying perhaps on his mate's conduct, consented to the proposal, though not without some tears dropped on both sides. Yet the mate taking courage, said to the master: "I believe the Lord will preserve me, for I have nothing but good-will in venturing my life; and I have not the least fear upon me, but trust that all will do well." The master having consented, the mate called up the Turks, going with two men and a boy in the boat, took in these ten Turks, all loose and unbound. Perhaps somebody will think this to be a very inconsiderate act of the mate, and that it would have been more prudent to have tied the Turks' hands, the rather because he had made the men promise that they should do nothing to the Turks until he said, "he could no more;" for then he gave them liberty to act for their lives, so as they judged convenient. Now, since he knew not how near he should bring the Turks ashore, and whether they should not have been necessitated to swim a little, it seemed not prudent to do anything which might have exasperated them; for if it had fallen out so that they must have swam, then of necessity they must have been untied, which would have been dangerous. Yet the mate did not omit to be as careful as possible. For, calling in the captain of the Turks, he placed him first in the boat's stern; then calling for another, he placed him in his lap, and one on each side, and two more in their laps, until he had placed them all, which he did to prevent a sudden rising. He himself sat with a boat-hook in his hand on the bow of the boat, having next to him one of the ship-men, and two that rowed, having one a carpenter's adze, and the other a cooper's heading-knife. These were all the arms besides what belonged to the Turks which they had at their command. Thus the boat went off, and stood for the shore. But as they came near it, the men growing afraid, one of them cried out of a sudden: "Lord have mercy on us, there are Turks in the bushes on shore!" The Turks in the boat, perceiving the English to be afraid, all rose at once. But the mate, who, in this great strait, continued to be hearty, showed himself now to be a man of courage, and bid the men to take up such arms as they had, but do nothing with them until he gave them leave. And when seeing that there were no men in the bushes, and that it was only an imagination, all fear was taken away from him; and his courage increasing, he thought with himself, it is better to strike a man than to cleave his head, and turning the boat-hook in his hand, he struck the captain a smart blow, and bid him sit down, which he did instantly, and so did all the rest. After the boat was come so near the shore that they could easily wade, the mate made the Turks jump out, and so they did; and because they said they were about four miles from a town, he then gave them some loaves and other necessaries. They would fain have persuaded the English to go with them to a town, promising to treat them with wine, and other good things, but the mate was not so careless as freely to enter into an apparent danger, without being necessitated thereto; for though he had some thoughts that the Turks would not have done him any evil, yet it was too hazardous thus to have yielded to the mercy of those that lived there; and therefore he very prudently rejected their invitation. The Turks, seeing they could not persuade him, took their leave with signs of great kindness, and so went on shore. The English then, putting the boat closer in, threw them all their arms on shore, being unwilling to keep anything of theirs. And when the Turks got up the hill, they waved their caps at the English, and so joyfully took their last farewell. And as soon as the boat came again on board, they had a fair wind, which they had not all the while the Turks were on board. Thus Thomas Lurting saved the ship and its men; which being thus wonderfully preserved, returned to England with a prosperous wind. Now, before the vessel arrived at London, the news of this extraordinary case was come thither; and when she was coming up the Thames, the King, with the Duke of York and several lords, being at Greenwich, it was told him there was a Quaker's ketch coming up the river that had been taken by the Turks, and redeemed themselves without fighting. The King hearing this, came with his barge to the ship's side, and, holding the entering rope in his hand, he understood from the mate's own mouth how the thing had happened. But when he heard him say, how they had let the Turks go free, he said to the master: "You have done like a fool, for you might have had good gain for them;" and to the mate he said: "You should have brought them to me." But the mate answered: "I thought it better for them to be in their own country."—*Chambers' Miscellany.*

* Majorca was inhabited by Spaniards.

PUFFING.

[From an article on 'Minor Morals,' in *Blackwood* for June.]

It is a singular circumstance, considering that eminent men are not particularly common, that there never does occur an instance of a vacancy in a post or situation, be it political, literary, professional, or scientific, but there appears a host of candidates, each armed with certificates to show—not that he is eminent, for that is a matter of course—but that he is pre-eminent, and that nature has evidently designed him for that especial office. Not long ago we had occasion, in reference to a matter of this kind, to peruse the testimonials of no less than sixteen candidates, and we really were petrified at the amount of dormant and suppressed talent which the land contained. One candidate, in particular, issued about six sets of certificates, with the appetising promise of more; and we were really sorry when he had exhausted his stores of printed panegyric, for we found that they made admirable matches, and were in request in the lower region for the purpose of singeing fowls. We doubt whether the Dalai Lama had a greater number of implicit worshippers. At least a hundred and twenty gentlemen, of various shades of obscurity, with all the capital letters in the alphabet appended to their names, had written letters to their friends, or to those to whom the patronage was intrusted, in terms that an historian would blush to apply to the admirable Crichton. Never was there such a fellow as that! Of all the race of Adam, alive or dead, he was the only one competent to do justice to the subject. No draw-well or Artesian boring could equal him in profundity. He had a genius that carried him on its soaring pinions beyond the limits of the stars. Some worthy attestors averred that the chief joy of their lives had been the privilege of his conversation—and very disinterested persons they appeared to be, since his election must necessarily remove the darling planet from their sphere. Others pledged their reputation—no very great stake, after all—that he would do what never man did before, and pathetically entreated the electors not to lose that opportunity of reflecting some lustre on their own names, by appropriating this red-hot-paragon. But for his quiet adoption and indorsation of all these compliments, we should have been inclined to think that the modesty of the honourable candidate was at least equal to his merits, seeing that he had contrived all this while to keep his light under a bushel, in so far as the public were concerned. Until we received his testimonials, his name was as unknown to us as that of the architect of the pyramids. Our amazement was immensely increased by the discovery that this vacancy had drawn from their retreat a dozen other paragons, whose witnesses, if not quite so numerous, were as obscure and laudatory as the batch who gave thundering testimony to the first. And it was very curious to remark that such of the candidates as were really known to fame put forth the smallest numbers of certificates; also, that the men who granted these, having reputations of their own, cautiously abstained from dealing in strong hyperbole. This is but one instance, out of many, of the modern system of puffing, which amounts to rank dishonesty. We shall not suppose that the writers of such testimonials are conscious that they have no title whatever, from their own intellectual attainments, to offer an opinion on the subject; for the predominant feature of a ninnyhammer is the enormous development of his self-conceit. But not one jackass of the hundred and twenty believed in the truth of what he was writing. His vanity was tickled by being appealed to as an authority; and, knowing well that it was not the custom of his brother idiots to spare butter on such occasions, he deliberately set himself down to be as fulsome as the dictionary would allow. We do not insinuate that the creature was not actuated by a certain instinctive feeling of friendship. Possibly he had the recollection of numerous hours of dreary drivel consumed in the company of his friend; and we have nothing to say against bonds of alliance so formed and ratified. But the fact remains that the certificate system has become an intolerable nuisance, and ought at once to be put down. We have far greater respect for the man who puffs himself than for the man who puffs his neighbour. In the former case there is something of a sublime self-reliance—a noble trusting to unsupported valour. To enter the ring alone, without backers, is at least a proof of courage; and as to self-vaunting, have we not the authority of all the Homeric heroes? In the *Iliad*, no man butters another—each anoints himself, and that most liberally. Why, in the name of all that is candid, should a great man affect depreciation? Look to Moses and Hyams. They don't own themselves inferior to any in the trade: on the contrary, they take up the Jew's-harp, and twang it in their own laudation. What would be the effect if Nibbs, in the coffee line, announced himself in his advertisements as inferior to Husks, who deals in the same department? Why, he might shut up shop next term, for he would be playing into the hands of his rival. Nibbs does nothing of the kind. He avers that his is the sole establishment in London where genuine coffee can be obtained; and, as confidence begets believers, he is a thriving man. Husks, if he pleases, may insinuate that Nibbs lies: indeed, if he does not, he will hardly secure an adequate share of the public patronage. Sometimes a brace of obscurities attempt to rise to reputation by puffing each other. Nothing more contemptible can be imagined than two blockheads engaged in mutual slaver. Blaw-weary writes an essay, in his usual unintelligible style, upon the genius and characteristics of Popjoy. Popjoy reciprocates, in the next number of the same periodical, upon the tendency of the writings of Blaw-weary. The unhappy confederates conceive that they are covering one another with glory—they are not aware that whatever comes from their hands is foul, and must necessarily defile. Not originally over-sweet, they become still more redolent of the jakes. Yet this is no unusual phenomenon in literature; and it is the more remarkable, because, in nine cases out of ten, the allies entertain at heart an intense hatred and contempt for each other. Mutual interest is all that binds them together; and they would, if they dared, discharge, with the utmost zest, a broadside into the ribs of the friend whom they have puffed so highly. Real literary talent stands alone, and is altogether independent of coteries. Whenever we see a man looking about for props and extraneous support, we entertain a suspicion that his foundation is really unsound. He would not do so if he had a well-grounded faith in his own powers: for it is the destiny as well as the prerogative of genius to work alone, and to struggle upwards without invoking assistance. We never knew any good result from these reciprocal puffings. They remind us of the two tourists, who, on ascending Ben-Nevis, had recourse to one another's flasks for a little stimulant energy, but who broke down half-way, each attributing his failure to the exorbitant swallow of his comrade. The fact was, that they had shared quite fairly, but that either should have kept his own supply to himself. There is always danger in such copartnery. Laban tried to cheat Jacob, and Jacob cheated Laban. Jaffier sold Pierre: and Tresham divulged the Gunpowder Plot. On the whole, then, we maintain the doctrine that it is better, wiser, and more satisfactory for a man to puff himself than to assign that task even to his most intimate friend. He cannot reasonably quarrel with his own self-laudation; let the most sympathetic of his admirers write for him, and the odds are that he will consider the praise to be miserably stinted.

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

Queen Victoria had sickened with the measles, but the disease was progressing favourably.

——The American author, Nathaniel Hawthorne, has entered upon his duties as American Consul at Liverpool.

——O'Connell's house in Merrion-square, South Dublin, for 40 years the residence of the late Liberator, was sold, the other day, for £250, to John O'Farrell, Barrister. The house was miserably out of repair.

——Probability of Peace.—In the House of Lords, on the 18th ult., Lord Clarendon stated that an answer in entire conformity with the note published by the French Government, had been returned to the last diplomatic circular of Count Nesselrode. Lord Clarendon also said that the Government hoped to be able in a few days to lay before the House the fullest information respecting the state of affairs in the East.

——Miss Greenfield, the 'Black Swan,' had a *matinée musicale* at Stafford House, on the 23d, by permission of the Duchess of Sutherland. The newspaper report says: "The Duchess herself, with several other noble ladies who have prominently taken an interest in the Slavery question, honoured the performance with their presence, and the splendid saloon was filled with a fashionable assembly. The assistance of Mr. Sims Reeves, M. Jules Lefort, and other favourite performers, gave variety to the concert."

——Waterloo Statistics.—Messrs. Patrick and Simpson sold the other day, in London, an autograph letter of the late Duke of Wellington, giving a list of the forces at his disposal at the battle of Waterloo. The list is as follows: British, including German Legion, 60,000; Dutch, 30,000; Hanoverians, 25,000; Brunswick, 7,000; Nassau, 3,000; Hanse Town, 3,000; total, 127,000. The number of Hanoverians had been altered by the Duke from 24,000 to 25,000, but he had not made the corresponding alteration in the total, which should be 128,000. This lot sold for £1 10s.

——America in Less than Four Days.—We are enabled to announce that by a new and much improved construction of vessels, it will be perfectly practicable to accomplish the voyage between the United States and the United Kingdom in considerably less than four days; in fact, in about three and a half—the ports connecting the Old and New Worlds being Halifax and Galway. This is no speculative statement. It is grounded on experiments which have already been made to test the sailing capabilities of vessels constructed on the new principle. With the submarine telegraph which is about to be laid down between Halifax and Galway, and the passage of vessels in three days and a half across the Atlantic, America and Great Britain will virtually become one collossal country, inhabited and governed by the Saxon race.—*English Paper.*

——The Spirits in Syria.—The Sheik Bechir is a personage of requirements; he has a store of history and literature; his conversation is superior to that of his countrymen; and he has, to complete the superiority, the fame of a wonder-worker, and the advantage of interview with the spirits of another world! Who can resist such proofs of power as these? He will place a jug between the hands of two persons sitting opposite to each other, which, on the recital of certain passages taken indiscriminately from the Koran and the Psalms of David, will move spontaneously round, to the astonishment of all beholders. A stick, at his bidding, will move unaided from one end of the room to the other. A New Testament, suspended from a key by a string, will turn violently round of itself. An egg, boiling in the saucepan, will be made to spring suddenly out of the water, and be carried to a considerable distance. A double-locked door will unlock itself. But the following trick seems to us the strangest of all: On two earthenware jars being placed in opposite corners of a room, one empty and the other filled with water, the empty jar, on the recital of certain passages, will move across the room; the full jar will of itself pour its contents into the empty one, which will return to the place from whence it came.—*Churchill's "Mount Lebanon."*

——The Bone Cript at Rothwell.—It has often been remarked that, while the ends of the earth have been visited for the purpose of gratifying curiosity, we are too apt to neglect or overlook what is quite as interesting or wonderful at our very doors. The bone caverns at Rothwell afford an example of this. The vault in which they are deposited is a long cryptiform structure, with a low, groined roof, and the bones are carefully packed in alternate strata of skulls, arms, legs, &c. It is calculated that there are here 3,000 skeletons. They were discovered about 160 years since, by a grave digger, who, while at work with his mattock, struck through the earth, and found himself suddenly precipitated into a dark abyss. And one may imagine his consternation, when the dust had subsided, and his eyes had accomodated themselves to the darkness, at discovering himself in this awful assembly of past generations. Nothing is known, with certainty, as to their origin, and how these remains of the dead thus got together. Some are opinion that a great battle was once fought here, and that they were gathered from the field and here deposited; and the fact that they are all those of adults, that many of the skulls are fractured as though they had received violent blows, and that many of the bones are of the largest size, would seem to favour this hypothesis. Such is the excellent order in which the bones are kept, and the cleanly condition of the vault, that, although it forms a solemn, it is by no means a revolting spectacle. At the eastern extremity of the vault is a rude painting, representing the resurrection. Rothwell was once a corporate town, and walled, the site of which wall can still be traced. It was the most considerable place in this district.—*Leicester Mercury.*

——Majesty and the Measles.—Prince Albert has undergone the measles. "I am but mortal after all," said Alexander, when he bled; discovering that, for all his courtiers had avowed, he was not filled with the essence of the gods. His royal highness, however, has no need of such rebuke to preach to him the condition of our common nature. "Do kings die?" asked the dubious French prince of the French cardinal. "Sometimes," made answer the very cautious churchman. But it is the best, as it will be the most enduring praise of Prince Albert, so to have associated his name and hours with so many endeavours for the better teaching and the better material comforts of the labouring classes, that he has achieved an interest with them in their common humanity. In him, the man is at least equal to the prince.

But our courtly friend, the *Morning Post*, finds in Prince Albert's measles a subject of deeper import than mere home-spun brains could have discovered: measles "brought on, doubtless, by the exercise of paternal duties." However, out of such measles the *Post* extracts matter for congratulation, chirping blithely as follows:

"*How fortunate* it is that the Prince has persisted with such laudable constancy, in abstaining from all interference in politics! If he had taken the position of a political leader, or even partisan, *the utmost inconvenience* might have arisen from his seclusion from society *during the present crisis*. *Then* his indisposition would have been hailed by one party as a triumph, and lamented by the other as a defeat: in neither would there have existed the respectful sympathy which, *at this moment*, pervades the public mind."

Thus, according to the deep-sighted *Post*, the whole Turkish question might have turned upon the Prince's measles! The chance of war upon the eruption of the disease, favourable or otherwise! *Then*, according to the *Post*, the Russian troops might have advanced with the malady; and the Turk's crescent have grown pale as his Royal Highness's face became red! Thus curiously considered, what an expenditure of powder and shot might have depended upon measles! Whereas the crisis—without the indecency of triumph or lamentation of defeat—was awaited with respectful sympathy. And the crisis is past, teaching us that politics may be all the more innocent if happily unmixed with measles.—*Douglass Jerrold's Newspaper.*

——The Smyrna Difficulty.—It is one of the unfortunate results of the present condition of the Ottoman Empire, that the authority of its officers is hardly sufficient to command respect in its own ports, and that the laws of the country and the law of nations are violated with impunity under the very eyes of the Sultan's representatives. The occurrences which took place at Smyrna on the 22d of June are a striking illustration of this extraordinary and dangerous state of things. The law was successively broken by every party in this transaction; and Ali Pasha, the Governor of the city, was not only incapable of putting any effectual restraint upon the foreigners in Smyrna harbour, but had, in the end, to suffer for the outrages they had committed. The facts were briefly alluded to by Lord John Russell, on Monday evening, in the House of Commons, and we collect from the different accounts we have received, that they occurred in the following manner: Martin Koszta was one of the Hungarian fugitives who escaped with Kossuth after the capitulation at Villagos, and took refuge within the Turkish frontier. The Porte refused to surrender these refugees to the demands of Austria, but detained them at Kutayah till the following year, when, by putting a somewhat liberal construction on her treaties with the Court of Vienna, she allowed them to proceed to the United States, upon their promise not to return to the Turkish dominions. That engagement—if such there really was—was broken by Koszta, who found means to get back to Smyrna; but, as the Turkish Government does not exercise any vigilant control over the numerous foreigners who frequent that port, he had remained there unheeded by their authorities. The Austrian Consul, M. de Weckbecker, was more on the alert, and on the 22d of June he called on the Governor, Ali Pasha, and informed him that Koszta was in the place. Ali Pasha replied, that he should send for him and desire him to leave the country; there was, therefore, no refusal on the part of the Turkish authority to comply with the command of the Austrian Consul as far as it was just. At the very same time, however, the Austrian Consul, and the officer commanding the Austrian brig-of-war *Ussaro*, had resolved, in the most scandalous and unjustifiable manner, to take the law into their own hands, and kidnap Koszta by main force. He was accordingly attacked in a coffee-house by a party of armed boatmen, and, after a vigorous defence, Koszta was seized and carried on board the brig. This occurrence naturally created a great sensation in the town, but the Turkish Governor does not seem to have interposed, as he ought to have done, to obtain immediate redress for such an outrage on the sovereignty of the Porte. The American Consul, and the commander of the American corvette-of-war *St. Louis*, which happened to enter the harbour, exerted themselves, however, in favour of the prisoner, and endeavoured to obtain his release, on the ground of his having an American passport. That fact, however, was not proved, and it is clear that, beyond the claims of humanity, the Americans had no more legal right to interfere in the matter than the Austrians had to carry the man off. But the violent antipathy which has for some time past been smouldering between Austria and the United States easily breaks out, and this transaction is of some interest, as it exhibits the increasing readiness of the Americans to espouse with ardour this or that party in the political differences of the Old World.

The next day, three officers of the Austrain brig came on shore, and proceeded to a large coffee-house on the English quay. They were soon attacked with great fury, by about fifteen foreigners, mostly Italian refuges, and one of the officers, a Baron von Hachelberg, having been stabbed in the scuffle, with a poniard, flung himself into the sea, and was drowned. The consequence of this murderous onslaught might have been still more fatal, but, fortunately for the Austrian officers, and to the honour of our own countrymen, two English merchants were in the coffee-house at the time, who manfully assisted in their defence, with the chairs and tables to be found in the room. The Turkish Governor, who had neither prevented the return of Koszta nor his seizure by the Austrain boat's crew, was equally unable to punish this crime; and these three infractions of the law were soon followed by a fourth. The American captain of the corvette *St. Louis* resolved, without more ado, to demand the surrender of Koszta from the Austrian brig. He gave the Austrians four hours to make up their minds, and in the meanwhile laid his vessel within a cable's length of the *Ussaro*, and cleared for action. The Captains on both sides behaved with equal spirit, and were quite ready to fight it out in Smyrna Harbour; to which, as may be supposed, the Pasha and the public strongly objected. The Consuls, however, once more interposed between these belligerents, and it was agreed that Koszta should be landed from the brig and placed in the custody of the Consul of France, until further orders could be received respecting him. The matter was then referred to Constantinople, where M. de Bruck made a peremptory demand for redress, although it would seem, from this narrative, that the seizure of the fugitive by the Austrians was the first blow struck in this quarrel. However, the Divan was not in a condition to increase the number of its enemies, and it submitted to the demands of the Internuncio. A new Governor was immediately appointed to Smyrna, and an investigation was commenced into the facts of the case.

Between Austria and the United States the question is of a totally different character. In ordinary circumstances, unless at the solicitation, and with the authority, of the Turkish Government, it is evident that the American officer had no right whatever to dictate terms to any foreign officers; but the state of things we have described shows that the grossest outrages had been and could be committed with impunity, and all the ordinary usages of civilized nations were apparently suspended. Nevertheless, the coercion applied by the captain of the *St. Louis* to the captain of the *Ussaro*, was of the most direct kind, and will probably be regarded by the Court of Vienna as an act of hostility, for which they are entitled to demand reparation from President Pierce. In the present state of feeling in the United States toward Europe generally, and Austria in particular, it is certain that no such reparation will be given, and it is, perhaps, likely that the conduct of the officers of the *St. Louis* was dictated quite as much by the desire to make political capital for their own Government, as by professional ardour or party predilections. The origin of these quarrels lies, however, in the want of power and determination on the part of the Turkish Government. A resolute Governor would have fired upon a foreign brig, the Captain of which had dared to kidnap a person from the land; and he would also have punished two foreign vessels presuming to threaten each other with hostilities in the port of a third Power. In the midst of more serious dangers, such embarrasing incidents as these are not wholly insignificant, and they increase the difficulty of maintaining the nominal independence of an Empire which no longer suffices for its own defence.—*London Times, July* 18.

DEFECTIVE ORIGINAL COPY